July 21, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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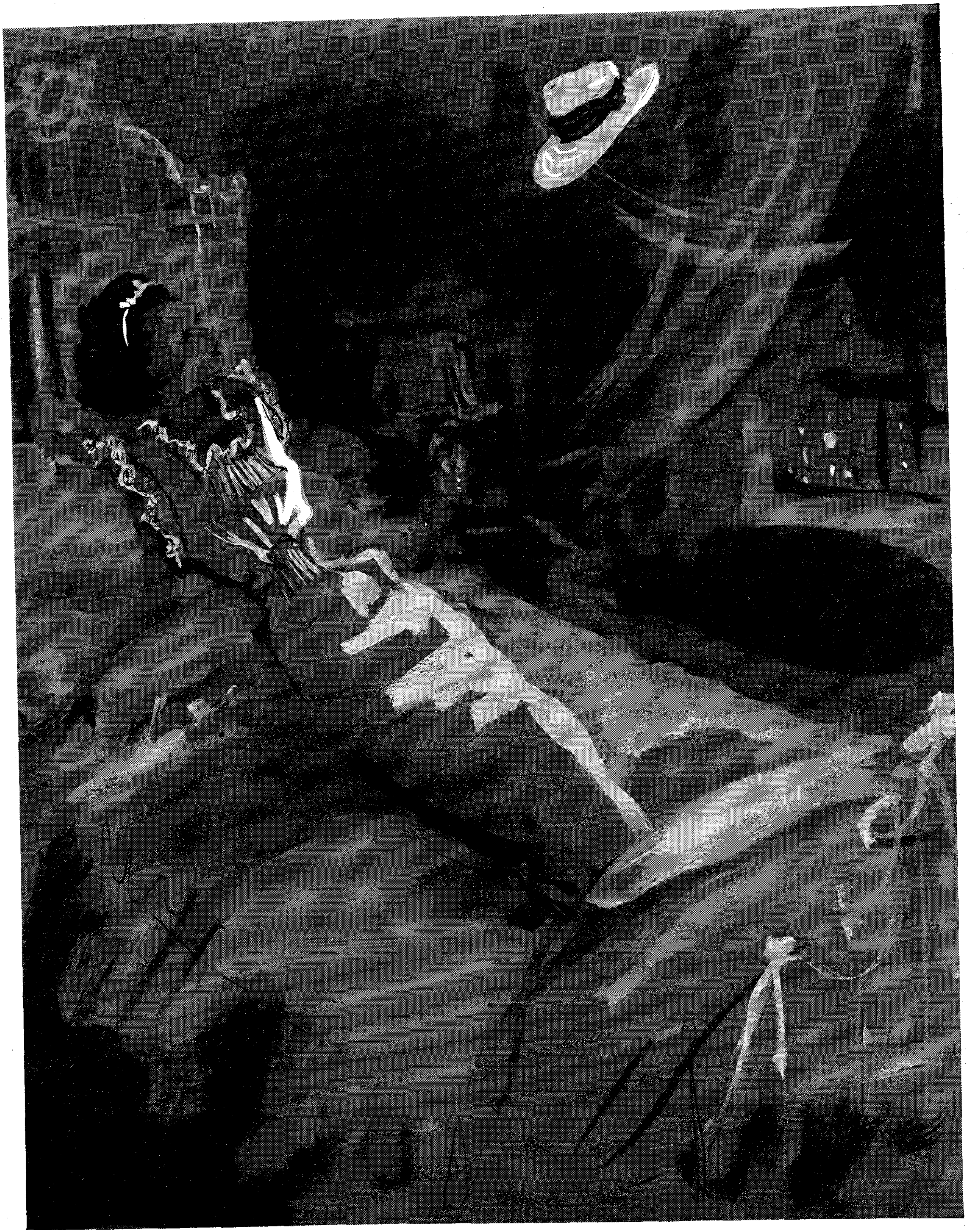

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

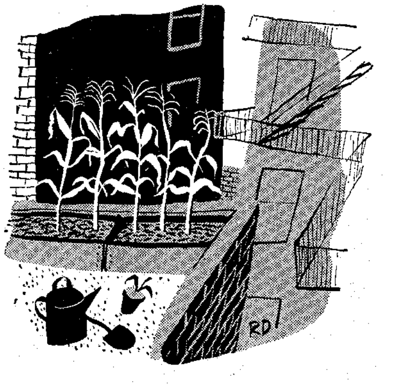
Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 28.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Marinka—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, with music by Emmerich Kalman, and a cast including Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Luba Malina. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Jules Leventhal and Harry Howard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—To meet Miss Paula Laurence and, through Sat., July 21, Miss Georgia Gibbs, who have been neglecting us for too long a time. Also, Josh White and that guitar, and Edmond Hall's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious resorts, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus with his mind-reading business (very neat) is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Garwood Van's and Mark Monte's bands alternate on the stand. Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team.... Tea dancing weekdays in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand all evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens with her songs, and a ventriloquist entertain the supper crowd on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra takes care of the dance music, and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates at supper.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing.... **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra.... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Russell Swann (a fairly cerebral entertainer for this establishment) and his magicianly tricks, with Mitzi Green and Enric Madriguera's lush orchestra to help out. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, a rumba band.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Gene Krupa's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and its view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing.... **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his teammates, Billie Holiday, and Al Casey's new trio; dancing.... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Don Byas and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance

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music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **FEIGL,** 601 Madison, at 57: De Hirsh Margules, Mariano Rodríguez, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 20. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: work by contemporary French artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 20. . . . **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Joseph de Martini, Andrew Wyeth, James Lechay, and others. Tues. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: work in various mediums by gallery members. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: old masters and contemporaries. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . **O'CONNOR,** 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KOOTZ,** 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **67 GALLERY,** 67 E. 57: a preview of work by artists who will exhibit here next season, including Adolph Gottlieb, Stanley William Hayter, and Hans Hofmann. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Fred E. Robertson—Semi-naïve paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 21.

War Art—At the **INTERNATIONAL BLDG.,** Mezzanine, Rockefeller Center: paintings centering on the activities of the Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, *including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume,* John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 4. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 5 Ave., at 55: Aaron Bohrad's water colors of scenes in France and the South Pacific. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., July 20.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 19-20, and Sun. *through* Fri., July 22-27; Sigmund Romberg conducting, Sat., July 21; Maurice Abravanel conducting, Sat., July 28. Highlights: Erica Morini, violin, July 19; Robert Merrill, *baritone, and* Victoria Schools, soprano, July 21; Ania Dorfmann, piano, July 23; Schola Cantorum and soloists, July 25-26; Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, ballet dancers, July 28. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

Berkshire Festival—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, in the opening program of the series; soloist, Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Sat., July 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

Juilliard Concerts—Alfred Mirovitch, piano, Thurs., July 19; Josef Raieff, piano, Fri., July 20; Alton Jones, piano, Tues., July 24; Louis Persinger, violin, Wed., July 25; Barbara Holmquest, piano, Thurs., July 26; Arturo di Filippi, tenor, Fri., July 27. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. . . . City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Judge Leopold Prince conducting, Sat., July 21 and 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Soloists: Anne London, soprano, July 21; Serafim Strelkoff, bass, July 28.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM:**—Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri., July 19-20, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 21, at 2:30 P.M., Sun., July 22 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon., July 23, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., July 27-28, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., July 27-28, at 2:30 P.M.

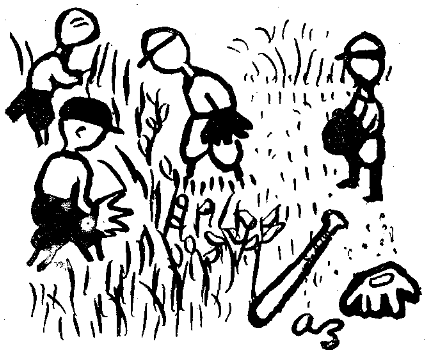
Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., July 20; Sal Bartolo vs. Freddie Russo, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 27. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Golf—Metropolitan G.A. Beers Memorial, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, N.Y., Fri., July 20. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Public Links Championship finals, Hendricks Field G.C., Belleville, N.J., starting Sat., July 21. . . . N.J. State G.A. Amateur-Pro Medal Play Championship, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Sun., July 22.

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1:30 P.M., through Aug. 4. (The Empire City, July 21; Fleetwing Handicap, July 24; Comely Handicap, July 25; Butler Handicap, July 28.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jackson Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, L. I., through Sun., July 22. . . . Seabright Invitation Tournament, Seabright L.T. and C.C., Seabright, N.J., starting Fri., July 27.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)



Yachting—Championship Regatta on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C. Race Week, starting Sun., July 22.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49; a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104—About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

Mayor LaGuardia—In the second of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., July 26, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., July 22, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 20 and 27, and Wed., July 25, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Berkshire Festival, Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 28, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 21 and 28, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., July 20, at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Europe), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

A Bell for Adano—This adaptation of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but is still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 20.)

Junior Miss—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Murder, My Sweet—Excellent screen treatment of Raymond Chandler's mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 19.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a pretty funny item that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., July 19. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., July 23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 20-22. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., July 24-26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., July 25.)

San Pietro—John Huston and Frank Capra get together on a thirty-minute documentary about a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 28.

U.S. infantry action in Italy. It's probably as fine as anything that has come out of the war to date. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., July 24-26.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 23-24.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 24-25.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 24-26.)

40 Girls and a Baby (1938)—Also called "40 Little Mothers." About a girls' school and a hidden baby. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., July 25.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 22-23.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 19.)

The Great Moment (1944)—Preston Sturges' lightsome biography of a pioneer anaesthetist. Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and William Demarest. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., July 24. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., July 25.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., July 25. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., July 25.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 20-21.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., July 25.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., July 24-25.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., July 24.)

The Rainbow (1944)—The German occupation of a Ukrainian village. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 20-23.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., July 21. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 20-21.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., July 25. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 22-24.)

Street Scene (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., July 24-25.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., July 24.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 22-23.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay (1944)—Innocence abroad in the 1920's. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 20-23.)

Wilson (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; starting Wed., July 25.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THURS., JULY 19:** "Anna Christie" (1929), with Greta Garbo. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., JULY 20-22:** "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 23-26:** "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), with players of the Abbey Theatre, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . **FROM FRI., JULY 27:** "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men or women to work two mornings or one full day each week in the offices of the New York City Vacancy Listing; women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreation aides in child-care centers. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work during the day on Monday and Thursday doing various chores in canteens throughout the city.

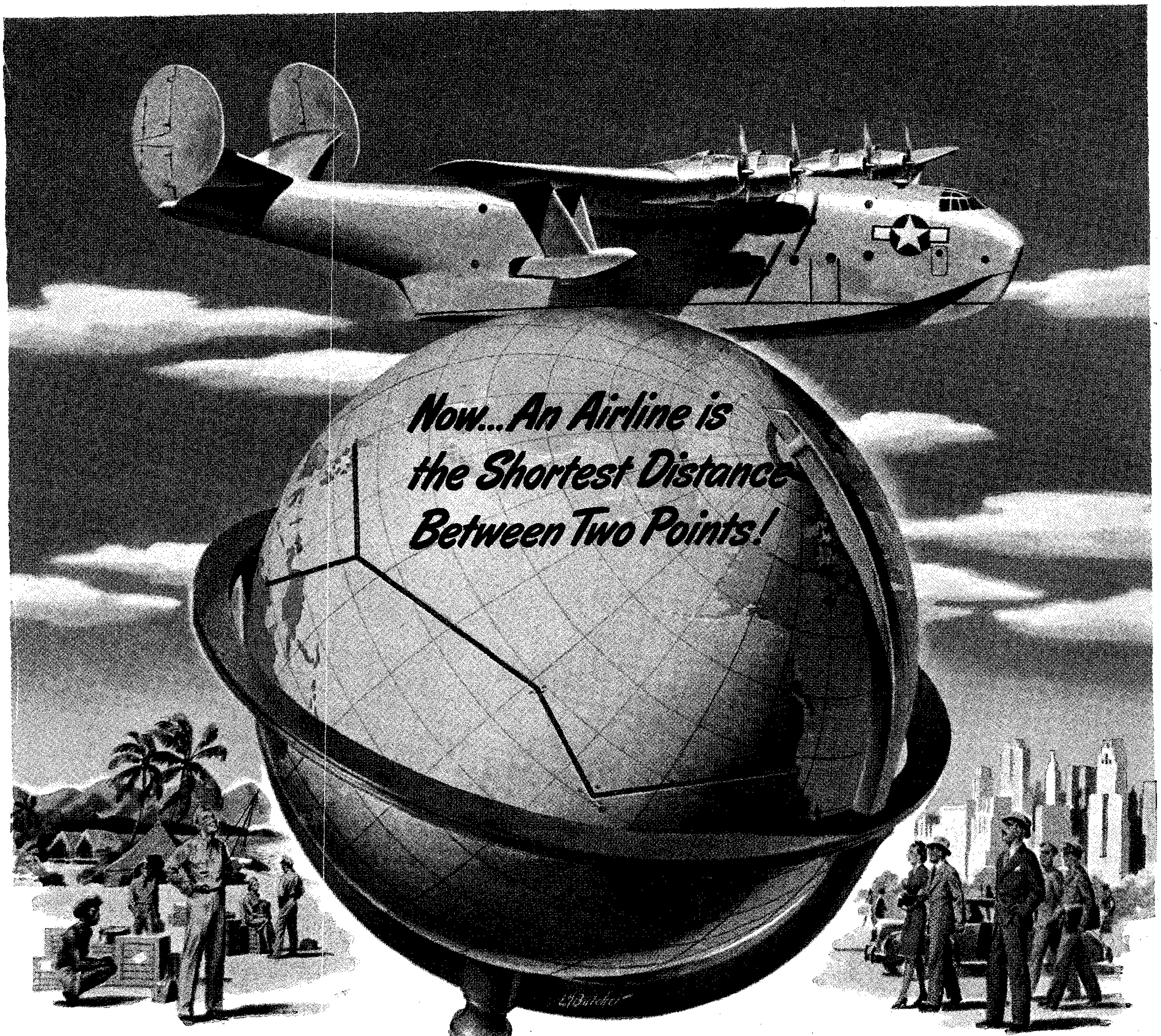
Note—The New York City Defense Recreation Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900), has issued an appeal for volunteers (must be over 21 years old) to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment for service personnel on furlough in the city.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66, New York 21, has issued an appeal for old sheets, pillow cases, or other white material which can be used for dressings in hospitals. . . . American Relief for France is collecting clothing and bedding to send to destitute families overseas. Contributions should be sent to the organization's workshop, at 15 E. 24, New York 10. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050. . . . The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, New York 21 (RE 7-0100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitals for veterans who wish to start collections.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Thanks to the NATS, life-giving whole blood reached the Leyte beachhead 48 hours after leaving San Francisco. Thanks to the NATS ten *billion* letters were flown over the Pacific alone in 1944. And thanks to the NATS, our fighting men, from Rio to Okinawa, are receiving high-priority cargoes . . . ammunition, penicillin, radio parts, aircraft tires, etc., . . . in ever-increasing volume.

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THE NEW YORKER

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE sat for a while with Aunt Maudie on her front porch the other evening, watching the robins and reading aloud to her from her favorite book, "The Third Report to the President, the Senate & the House of Representatives by the Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion." The part Aunt Maudie likes is Chapter X, called "The Bridge Between Today and Tomorrow," which contains the exciting passage about better living. She asked us to go back and read that part over again.

"'After the war,'" we repeated, "'the American economy must be dynamic, with expanding business, expanding markets, expanding employment, and opportunity. The American people are in the pleasant predicament of having to learn to live fifty-per-cent better than they have ever lived before.'"

Aunt Maudie sighed, and her glance stole toward the iron deer on the lawn. She said nothing for a few moments, but we were both having the same thoughts—about the deer. Was a single iron deer going to be enough during a period of expansion? This one is not a particularly dynamic deer, having stood quite still for thirty years.

"Maybe the lawn ought to have a wooden duck after the war, and six ducklings trailing behind it," she said, half to herself. "That would be about fifty per cent better, wouldn't it?"

"It would as far as the decorative effect of the lawn goes," we replied, "but don't forget the lawn itself, Maudie. If you're going to live better, you haven't got enough lawn there by half. How big is it anyway?"

"Eighty feet wide by a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, if you count the canna bed," said Maud.

"Is the place next door for sale?" we asked, lighting a Kool.

Our Aunt looked up quickly. "You don't mean . . . ?"

"Certainly," we said. "You don't want to live all your life behind a little old eighty-foot lawn. You need another forty-feet frontage, Maud, and you needn't pretend you can't afford it, either. There is a vast reservoir of liquid assets in this country, currently estimated at two hundred and thirty billion. It says so right here in the Report."

Fireflies began to show up in the dusk, and the robins left the lawn and began carolling in the elm-top. Aunt Maudie slid gently back and forth in the porch glider as we talked in low voices about the bigger lawn and the expanding economy and the problem of getting the grass cut on the bigger lawn in the better life. She used to mow the lawn herself, but we agreed that she won't be able to any more, if she is to live fifty per cent better. She thought perhaps she could get the Jenkins boy to cut it.

"And the lawn mower?" we asked. "It's one of those old hand-pushed things, isn't it?"

She smiled and nodded, and then looked inquiringly at us. "Power?" she asked. "A power mower that uses gas and you don't have to push?"

"Certainly," we replied. "And don't forget to tell that Jenkins boy to remove the lawn duck and the six ducklings each time he mows, and replace them after he has cut the swath. That will be living some better, won't it, Maud, to have a boy out there moving wooden ducks around on a hot day?"

"I'll say it will," breathed Maudie.

"Is your car going all right?" we asked, after a spell.

"Going great," said our Aunt.

"Is that old beach wagon still running?"

"Yes, pretty good."

"And the other car?" we asked, slyly.

"What the devil are you talking about, Boy?" said Maud. "You know I have no other car."

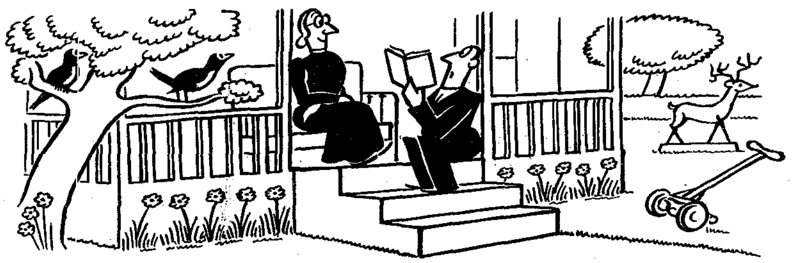
We acted surprised. "You mean you have no shiny little convertible that takes you down roads that are a ribbon of white in the moonlight, and the wheel in your hands, and the lift and power of singing speed, and the deep sleepy hush of the motor's murmur telling you what you've needed, wanted, waited for? Aunt Maud! Shame!"

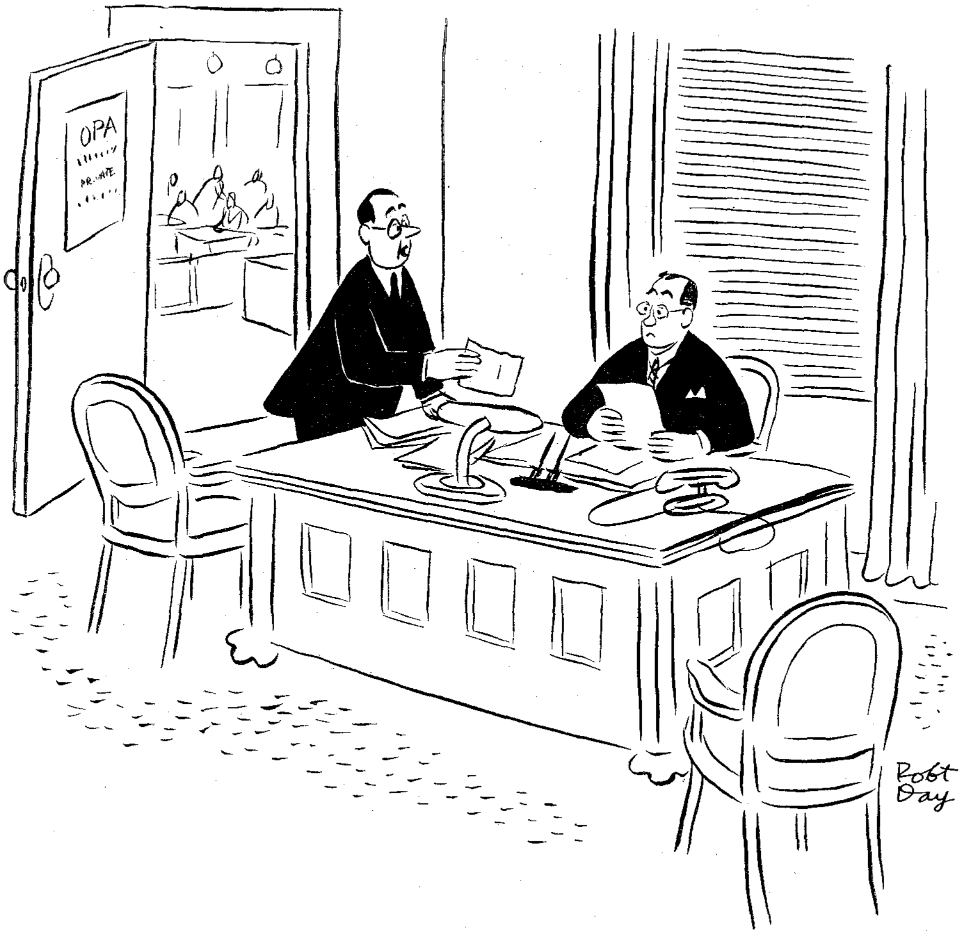
"Does it say that in the book?" she asked, sleepily.

"It says it right here: 'Only the defeatist can scoff at this inescapable fact that we must build our economy on that basis.'"

The glider creaked back and forth. Maud dozed, and we sat there with the reconversion book in our lap, counting robins. There were only two in the elm. But we noticed that next door, in the new forty-foot strip, there was another elm, and it contained a third bird.

"Fifty per cent ex-





"Red Wing, Minnesota, reports a fall of manna and wants to know what the ceiling price is."

• •

actly," we whispered, shutting our eyes.

•

Incidental Intelligence: The estate of the late Dr. James Breasted has received a request from a Swiss firm of German-language publishers for the right to translate and publish his treatise "The Dawn of Conscience."

On Third Avenue, just above Fifty-ninth Street, is a small shop with a sign in the window: "Inventors' Working Models Made Reasonable."

There's an Army chaplain who dashes about Paris these days in a jeep on which is painted the name "Life with Father."

History

A BUSINESSMAN who was recently in Washington getting something or other cleared through one of the government agencies struck up quite a friendship with the official who took care of him. When their conference was finished, the agency man inquired if the businessman would like to look over the building. In the course of the tour of inspection, they entered a small, severe conference room furnished with a large table, chairs, and a blackboard on an easel. Here, the agency man explained, decisions were made and policies shaped. Some writing on the blackboard had not been erased, and the businessman took a peek, perhaps in the subconscious hope of getting a little inside dope on the future of his business. What he saw was nostalgic rather than informative: a roughly drawn diagram of a diamond on which appeared three X's connected with arrows. Each of the X's was labelled with a name: "Tinker," "Evers," "Chance."

Sweet Music

ONE night a while back, water from a couple of broken mains poured through the windows of an apartment house in the Bronx and people woke to find chairs and tables floating around their beds. Such violent breaks occur nine or ten times a year, but pavements would be heaved up every day by bursting mains if the Bureau of Water Supply didn't find and plug some four thousand leaks a year before they get obstreperous. Mains, most of which are of cast iron and the oldest of which was laid under Pearl Street in 1832, break as a result of water pressure, age, the weight of other sub-surface structures or of heavy traffic, or the uneven settlement of the dirt fill below and around them. This last condition usually is brought about by leaks in the joints of the pipes.

The other morning we joined a Water Bureau crew on a leak hunt in the Bronx. The leak the crew was looking for had flooded a Consolidated Telegraph & Electrical Subway manhole on the corner of Boston Road and Astor Avenue. The search was conducted by two experts on leaks—a civil engineer named Cristofalo and a stocky complaint-shop foreman named Kutzberger—and the Water Bureau's East Bronx repair gang. Cristofalo had just completed a two-week survey near Fordham University that had netted him three leaks. "I go after leaks every day, even in sections where no one complains about a flooded cellar," he told us. "Our survey men search all over the Bronx and Manhattan but never in Brooklyn. Brooklyn soaks up all the water into the sand. Up here it's nice and rocky. You can *hear* a leak in the Bronx."

Kutzberger had spent the past five days listening up and down Boston Road and Astor Avenue for the leak that was flooding the manhole. "Don't know what we'd do without our little aquaphone and geophone," he said. "Probably have to tear up whole streets to find a leak." He took the two instruments out of the repair gang's truck. The geophone resembles a large stethoscope with two heavy copper discs where the rubber cup would be. The aquaphone looks like an old-fashioned telephone receiver. A steel rod runs through it, protruding about half an inch at the small end. "We got all kinds of pressure gauges and water-flow meters at our water stations," Kutzberger said. "They tell us when mains in the vicinity leak or break, but the aquaphone and geophone tell us where."

Cristofalo informed us, with some relish, that the city's water pipes total 5,025 miles, that the pipes vary in size from two to seventy-two inches in diameter, and that they have—steady, now—2,600,000 lead-sealed joints. The Water Bureau operates on the necessary but appalling theory that any one of these joints may be leaking at any time.

"While aquaphoning yesterday, we

HE DREAMED OF A HOLIDAY IN A WORLD AT PEACE...

SHE PLANNED A HOMECOMING... FOR THEIR SON

ences upon thought and feeling, there
compelling than music . . . melodies
heartwarming, opening new vistas of
eriences yet to be lived . . .
hat kind of music touches your inner
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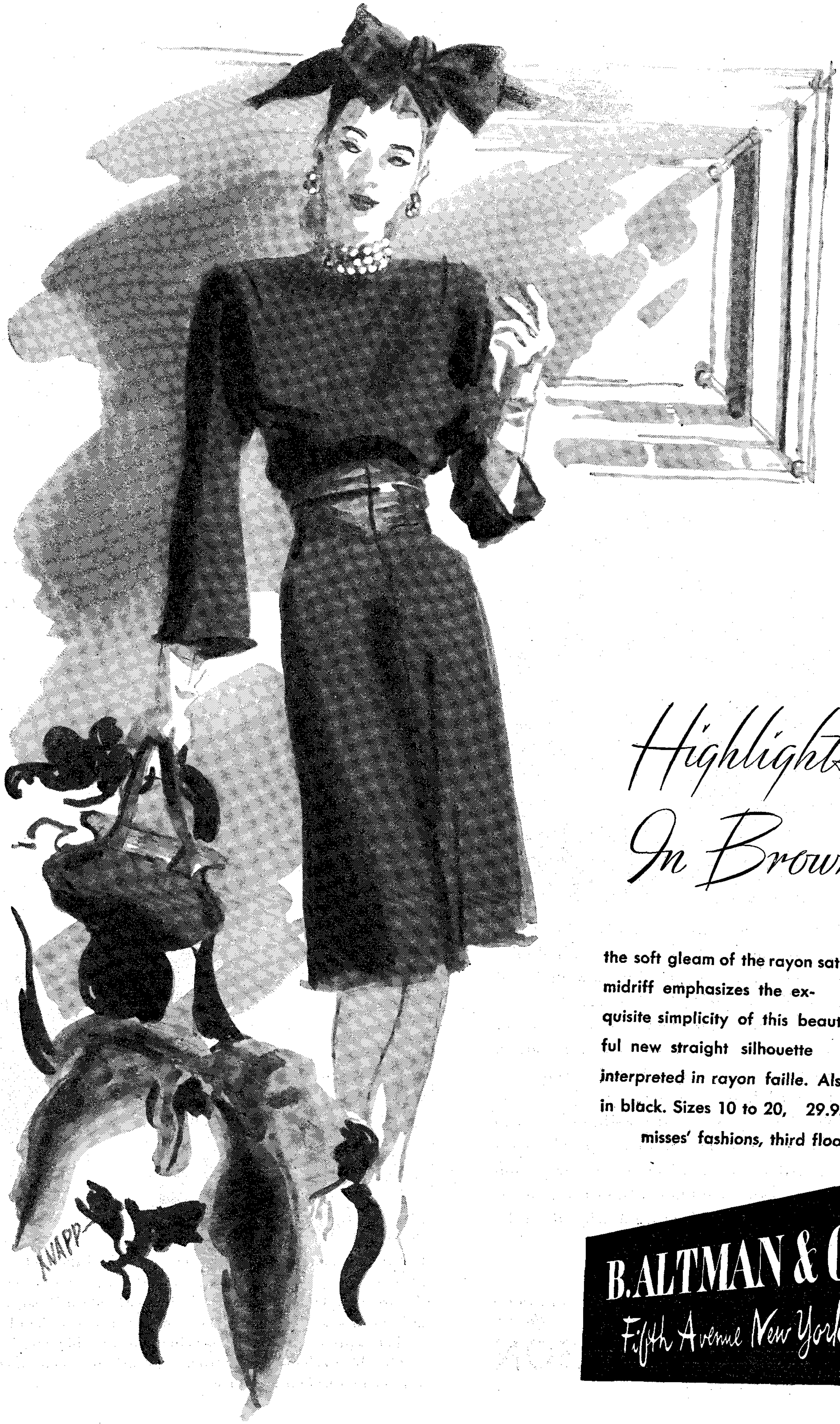

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picked up a little peep down here," Kutzberger said, leading the way to a fire hydrant two blocks from the manhole. He had ordered the repair gang to start digging up the pavement near the hydrant. "They're digging over where we got the loudest sound," he said. "Let's hear what's going on." He pried the cover off a nearby water-main-valve gatebox and lowered a long steel rod into the hole until it touched the valve. Then he put one end of the aquaphone to the rod and the other end to his ear. "Sweetest music in the world," he said. "Listen." We listened and heard a faint buzz. "It doesn't sound like water," we said. "It's the vibration of the water escaping," Cristofalo explained. "We can pick it up anywhere within a block of the leak. The smaller the leak, the greater the vibration."

"There'll be water coming out of that hole today," Kutzberger said, "but I'll do a little more aquaphoning, just to be sure."

He and Cristofalo started aquaphoning above other valves and manholes, then switched to geophoning, shoving the copper discs ahead of them on the pavement. We followed them, along with a band of preschool children. "We draw a crowd every time," Kutzberger said. "Chief thing is to see they don't fall into any manholes." Cristofalo passed out chocolate-covered peanuts to the children. "This is for keeping quiet," he told them. "Thanks," one of the boys said. "Why don't you get a willow stick? A willow stick shows where water is."

The repair gang struck water, and their foreman, a sturdy old man named Ennis, shouted, "Here she is—Niagara Falls!" Sure enough, a large fountain was spouting out of a joint in a main the men had just uncovered. "Kutzberger, you got her right in the middle of the hole," Ennis said. "That's engineering." We asked Ennis how long he had been mending leaks and he replied, "Thirty-nine years. I've plugged up exactly fifteen thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight leaks in my time." He got some tools out of the truck, jumped down into the hole, and began caulking up the leak, preparatory to sealing it. Water splashed on him as he worked. He stopped to take off his glasses and put them on his head, under his hat. "This isn't half bad in summer," he said as he finished caulking his fifteen-thousand-six-hundred-and-eighty-ninth leak. "In winter, I come up with icicles hanging all over me."

Inside Stuff

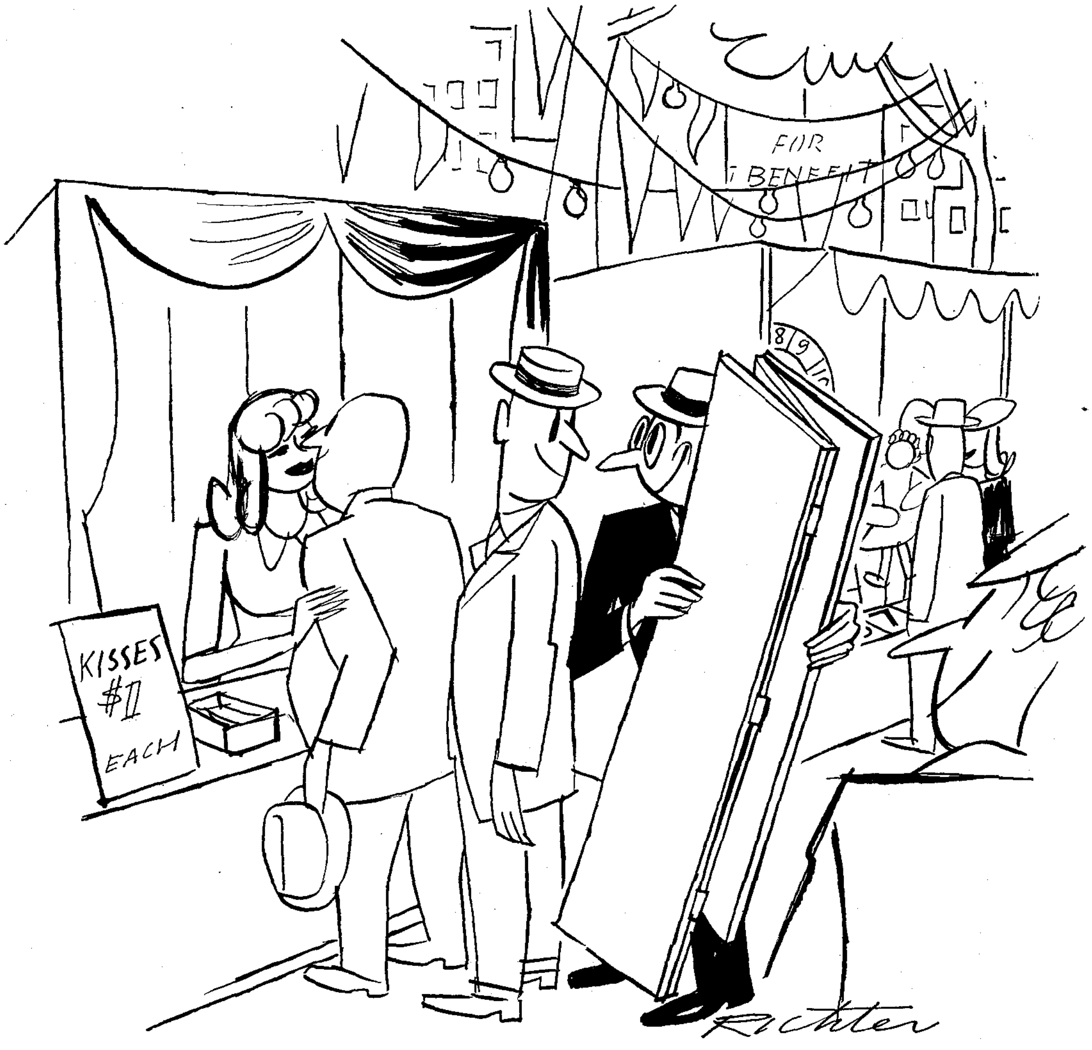
A SOLDIER just back from Zamboanga has written us of the sensation caused among the fellows there when a letter arrived addressed to the Special Service Officer, Pettit Barracks, Zamboanga, Mindanao, P.I. It was just a brochure from a New York organization called Officers at Home, telling of the facilities that were offered to officers who happened to be on the loose in New York City, but it was remarkable in one respect: it had been mailed on February 28th, ten days before the first returning American soldier had set foot on Zamboanga.

Samaritan

A WAYFARER heading for the Liberty Street ferry via the East Side I.R.T. inquired at a change booth what stop was nearest the ferry. The man in the booth said it was Fulton Street. A white-haired gnome who had overheard this conversation followed the wayfarer out onto the platform, muttering, "Don't pay no attention to that jerk, pal. What *you* want, you want the Cortlandt Street stop." "But there isn't any Cortlandt Street stop on this line," the other fellow said. This seemed to infuriate the gnome. "If you know so gah damn much about it, why you goin' around askin' questions?" he shouted.

Captious People

THESE paragraphs will provide a preview of the coming Congressional debate on President Truman's notion of tinkering with the law on succession to the Presidency so that the Speaker of the House instead of the Secretary of State would be second in line. Not all the newspapers have made it clear that Truman merely wants more or less to reëstablish the rules that prevailed from 1792 to 1885, and newspapers have been pretty scarce, anyway, when it comes to that. To begin at the



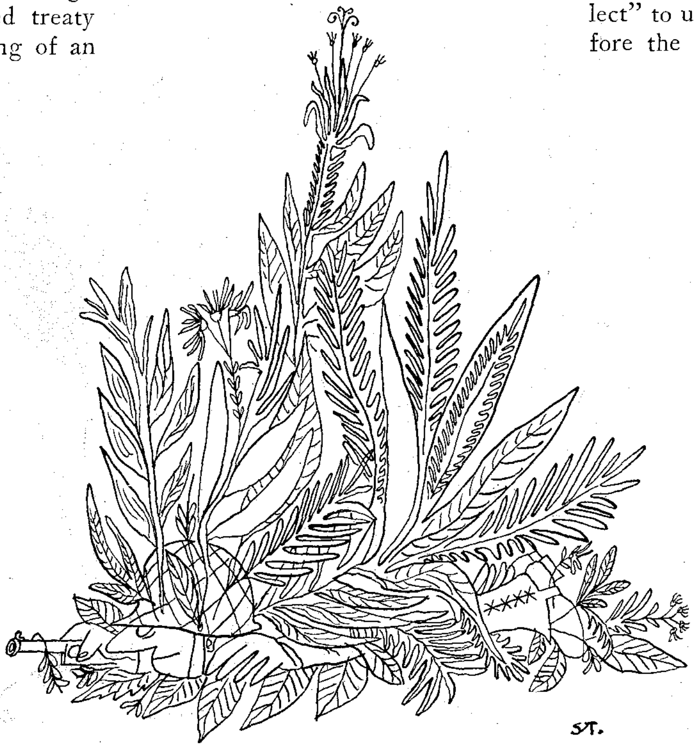
beginning, the Constitution provides only that if the President and Vice-President both die between elections, the Congress shall decide what officers succeed to the Presidency. It's that word "officer" that has caused, and presumably will continue to cause, debate. Are the President pro tem of the Senate and the Speaker of the House—who were to be considered second and third in line under the plan adopted in 1792—officers of the Federal Government, or are they officers of the states that sent them to Congress? Please don't write in if you think you know the answer.

The debate in 1792 on this question was up to the usual high standard of Congress. Representative Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts inquired rhetorically what the Speaker was if he was not an officer. Representative Burke of South Carolina announced that he had consulted a mathematician skilled in the laws of probability who had said that an emergency requiring a successor to the Vice-President would not arise oftener than once in eight hundred and forty years. The measure as finally passed put the President pro tem of the Senate second in line, and the Speaker third. The opposers of it were supported six years later to a certain extent by the Supreme Court, which ruled in an impeachment case that a senator was not a Federal officer but an officer of the state from which he came.

We cut now to Grover Cleveland's first inaugural address, in which, after taking up such currently urgent matters as the Mormon practice of plural marriage, the import duties on foreign objects of art, and a proposed treaty with Nicaragua for the digging of an interoceanic ship canal, he declared that he favored making the Secretary of State rather than the President of the Senate the second in line for his job. This was no mere academic question, since Cleveland's Vice-President, a Mr. Hendricks, had died before taking office, and the President of the Senate was a Republican. A bill was introduced in the Senate embodying Cleveland's idea—as it happened, by a Republican from Massachusetts, a Mr. Hoar—and the fight was on.

Consulting our *Congressional Record*, we find that the debate in the House was marked by such high spots as the question put by Representative Adams of New York to Representative Caldwell of Tennessee, who sponsored the bill. Suppose, said Mr. Adams, the President, the Vice-President, and the Secretary of State all died, one after the other, and the Secretary of the Treasury became President and appointed a new Secretary of State. Would not that new Secretary of State, under the proposed law, succeed the former Secretary of the Treasury as President? Mr. Caldwell tartly answered that Mr. Adams could go on imagining contingencies until his brain reeled, for all he, Mr. Caldwell, cared. Seeing that this particular quibble got Caldwell sore, Cooper of Ohio brought it up in another form. "If the Secretary of State acting as President has the right to a new Secretary of State," he said in Congress, "will not the new Secretary of State be able to cloud the title of the acting President by saying, 'Sir, you are not President; you were only acting as President because you were Secretary of State. You are no longer the Secretary of State; I am. Therefore, you step down and out, as I propose to act as President.' " Replying to this, Mr. Caldwell admitted that the bill had flaws and continued, simply, "This is a temporary bridge thrown across a possible chasm to meet the popular demand and to be followed in due time by a substantial and enduring structure over which a long line of Republican and Democratic Presidents may march in unbroken succession."

Mr. Cooper: So we are now asked to pass a very important measure, which Mr. Caldwell has publicly announced he will commence repairing as soon as the work is over.



Mr. Caldwell: There are a number of captious people in the House.

The bill, which had already passed the Senate, passed the House on January 15th, was signed by President Cleveland on January 19th, and became law. It was not heard of again until President Truman brought the matter up last month.

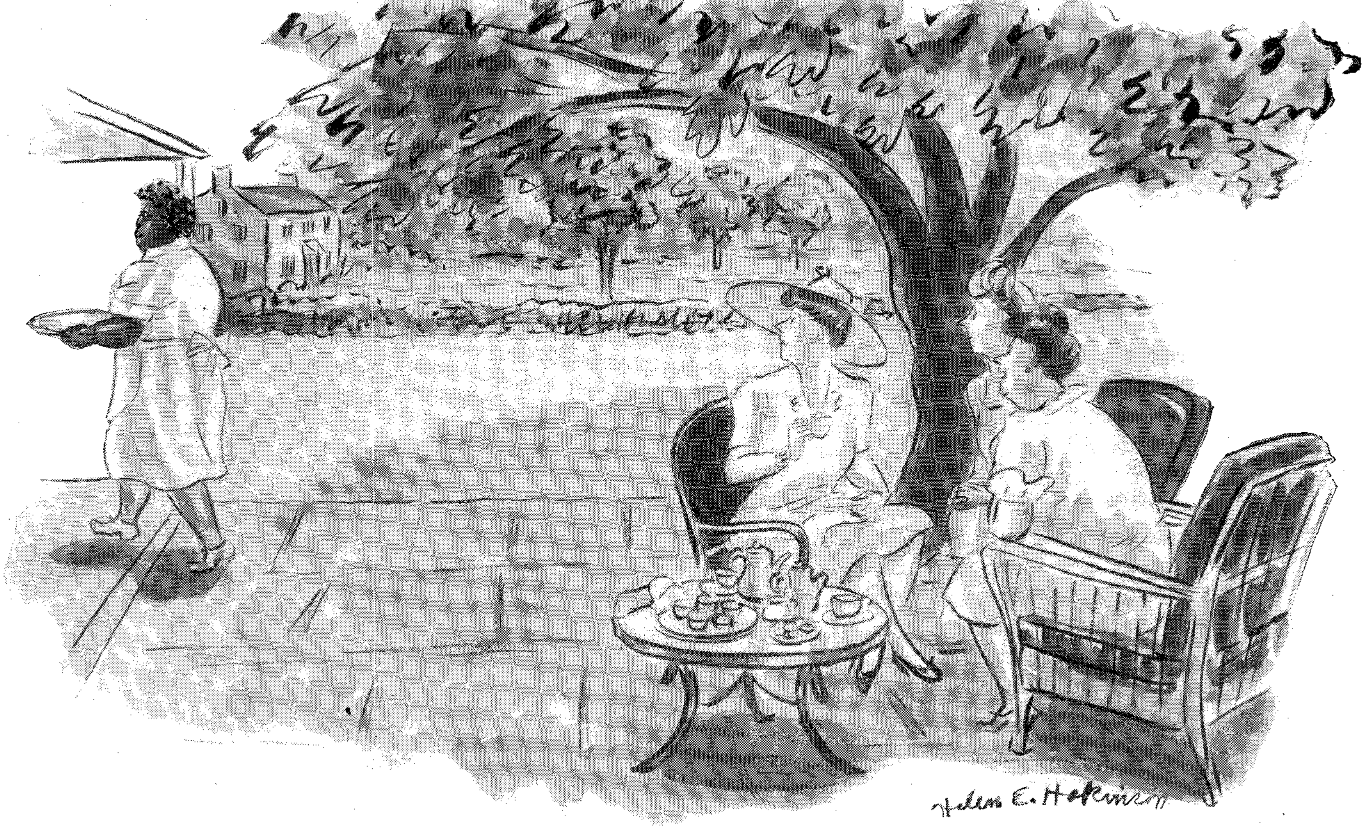
Swash

ONE of the duties of a man we know in the Twentieth Century-Fox empire is to read the new books as they come along and report on their cinematic possibilities. He drove himself through a towering historical novel one day last week, dictated his opinion to an apprentice stenographer the next morning, and went out to lunch. The typed report was on his desk when he returned. He picked it up to read it over, but it was some time before he could get beyond the first sentence, which began, "This is a big, swash, buckling story . . ."

Vacation in Town

WE found ourselves one evening last week peering through the blue shadows of the Barberry Room at a young couple named Mr. and Mrs. Norman Carlsen, of Brooklyn. A few weeks before the Carlsens fell under our scrutiny, Mrs. Carlsen had been asked on a radio show called "Detect and Collect" to unravel a riddle that ran: "Before the war you sometimes travelled quite a distance to get one." Without hesitation, Mrs. Carlsen answered, "Vacation," which filled Old Gold, the sponsors, with such admiration that they not only awarded her twenty-five dollars on the spot but also gave her and her husband a week-long holiday in Manhattan as soon as they, the Carlsens, could get organized for it. When we met them, they were toward the end of their outing, and still looking eager.

"Just what have you done with yourselves?" we inquired. "We've been living at the Gotham and having breakfast in bed," replied Mrs. Carlsen. "The only time you get breakfast



"*Guess what Victoria said today—she said 'please.'* "

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in bed in Brooklyn is when you break your leg, or something." "We've seen some stage shows," Mr. Carlsen added. " 'Bloomer Girl,' 'On the Town,' 'Carousel.' We liked them all. Then we played tennis at Rip's on Park Avenue and golf in Pelham." "One of the first things we did," said Mrs. Carlsen, "was go to lunch at Twenty-One, but they wouldn't let us in, and we had to wait on the corner for three-quarters of an hour until somebody from the advertising agency came over and made them let us in. Everybody was phoning instead of eating in that place. They got phones right on the table." "Had any strange food here that you couldn't get in Brooklyn?" we asked. "No," said Mr. Carlsen firmly. "They give all this stuff a lot of fancy names, but it always turns out to be hamburger." "We went up to Orchard Beach to swim," Mrs. Carlsen remarked. "I don't think it's as good as the swimming at Jones Beach." "What I want to do," said Mr. Carlsen, "is take a ride in a hansom cab. I bet the only people take a ride in them at night are out-of-towners. A lot of people live here and don't appreciate the glamour. There isn't any glamour in Brooklyn."

We asked how often the Carlsens came to Manhattan in the course of an ordinary year. "Maybe half a dozen times," said Mr. Carlsen. "You know how it is. Now, me, I work in maintenance for the telephone company and Billie here works with the Equitable Life. I work nights, she works days. Naturally we can't scoot around very much." "Vacation," Mrs. Carlsen put in, "is the only time we really can get together all we want to. Even then we've got a system arranged so I go one week where I want to go and Norman goes a week where he wants to go. The other week we spend together. Usually I go to a dude ranch up New York State and he goes out to a place near Pittsburgh." At this point we were joined by Mr. Allan Meltzer, a publicity man who whoops it up for "Detect and Collect." "Both these kids were born right in Brooklyn," he advised us, "and here they are seeing all kinds of things they never knew existed—with everything on the cuff." "How much do you think this vacation would cost you?" we asked Mr. Carlsen. "I've figured I could do it for about a hundred dollars," he said. Mr. Meltzer shuddered. "I'll bet it's more than that," said Mrs. Carlsen. "Thirty dollars a day, even." "Look," interrupted Mr. Meltzer, "the hotel alone is seventy-five dollars a week—breakfast in bed, sailboating in the Sound, night clubs, tomorrow the races. You do this for under four hundred dollars and you're in the genius class." "I've been signing everything," observed Mr. Carlsen. "It makes it hard to dope out what this costs and what that costs." From Mr. Meltzer we learned that at the races the Carlsens were to be provided with enough money to bet two dollars on each race. "Since you work for Equitable," he commented to Mrs. Carlsen, "you better bet on Equipoise if he's still running." "We saw a doubleheader in Brooklyn," said Mr. Carlsen, "but the Dodgers didn't win but one end. Ball games are good, but they haven't got glamour. I figure what we want is glamour—the Waldorf, the Persian Room, those places." "It's funny having all this from Old Golds," said Mrs. Carlsen. "You know, neither me nor Norman smokes."

Horror

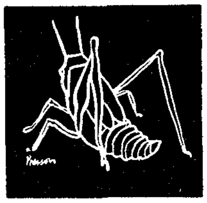
TWO matrons were discussing an absent friend during luncheon the other day at Schrafft's. A professional eavesdropper of ours managed to hear one of them say, "Now this is the worst thing of all, so I'm going to tell it to you real fast."

SUMMER DAY

Mr. Harris, after a good two hours of work in the vegetable garden, was tired—so tired that as he settled into the deck chair on the lawn there was a moment of almost sublime helplessness when it seemed to him that he might never rise from it again. He sat there for a while, gazing at the house as if it were a long distance away and thinking that he ought, even now, to be up there washing and changing for dinner. He made no move to get up, however. Instead, he let his body slide down the curved canvas back of the chair until it stopped of its own accord, at a kind of dead center of repose; then he closed his eyes and let a feeling of timelessness come over him. Nothing mattered, he thought. For a while the only sensation he had was a vague internal commotion—like a noiseless humming, like a simmering of the tissues themselves—as the muscles along his legs and back, taut from too much bending, too much hoeing and raking, slowly adjusted themselves to inaction again.

Delicious, he thought, letting his lips and his tongue move silently over the syllables, delicious; and then, just on the instant of going to sleep, he opened his eyes. I mustn't let myself fall asleep, he thought; I've got too much to do. Some people were coming for dinner, or something, and anyway he didn't want to; he just wanted to lie there, peacefully, looking out at the valley.

There were so many shades of green. There were the pale powdered green of the apple-tree leaves in the orchard, and the shinier green of the pears, the aloof hard green of the elms along the farther field and—greenest of the trees—the green of the huge old maple at the edge of the lawn. *There* was the true green, cool, luxurious, inviting; you could look in and in and in through the shifting terraces of the maple's foliage and then as fresh partings appeared look deeper still, and still it would be darkly green, as mysterious as the entrance to another world.



In between the trees, he could see the ground dip to the brook and then rise again—fields, woodland, and meadow all linked together in a pattern that grew more intricate, more delicate in detail as it rolled away toward the distant hills. And everything was green: the marsh grass in the bottoms, glistening like lacquer in the afternoon light; the stumpy young cedars, as sombre as their own shadows, that dotted the pastures; the pastures themselves, here a coppery green like verdigris and there laid over with yellow where the sun had crisped them but still tinged with green underneath. Mr. Harris looked out over it all with the remote but observant gaze of an invalid, who studies the same scene day after day and still can find new values in it.

Greenest of all, though, was one field halfway up the opposite hillside. It had been planted in some late crop, only just coming into growth, and although Mr. Harris had never noticed it before, now it seemed that he could hardly look away from it. All the light in the sky seemed focussed on it, so that it glowed in its freshness as vividly as an emerald, and its very brightness gave it an appearance of strange significance. As if a spotlight had been thrown on it, he thought, lying there and studying it; as if, even, the field itself were a kind of heliograph, not only receiving the light but returning it, signalling secret messages to him, and to him alone.

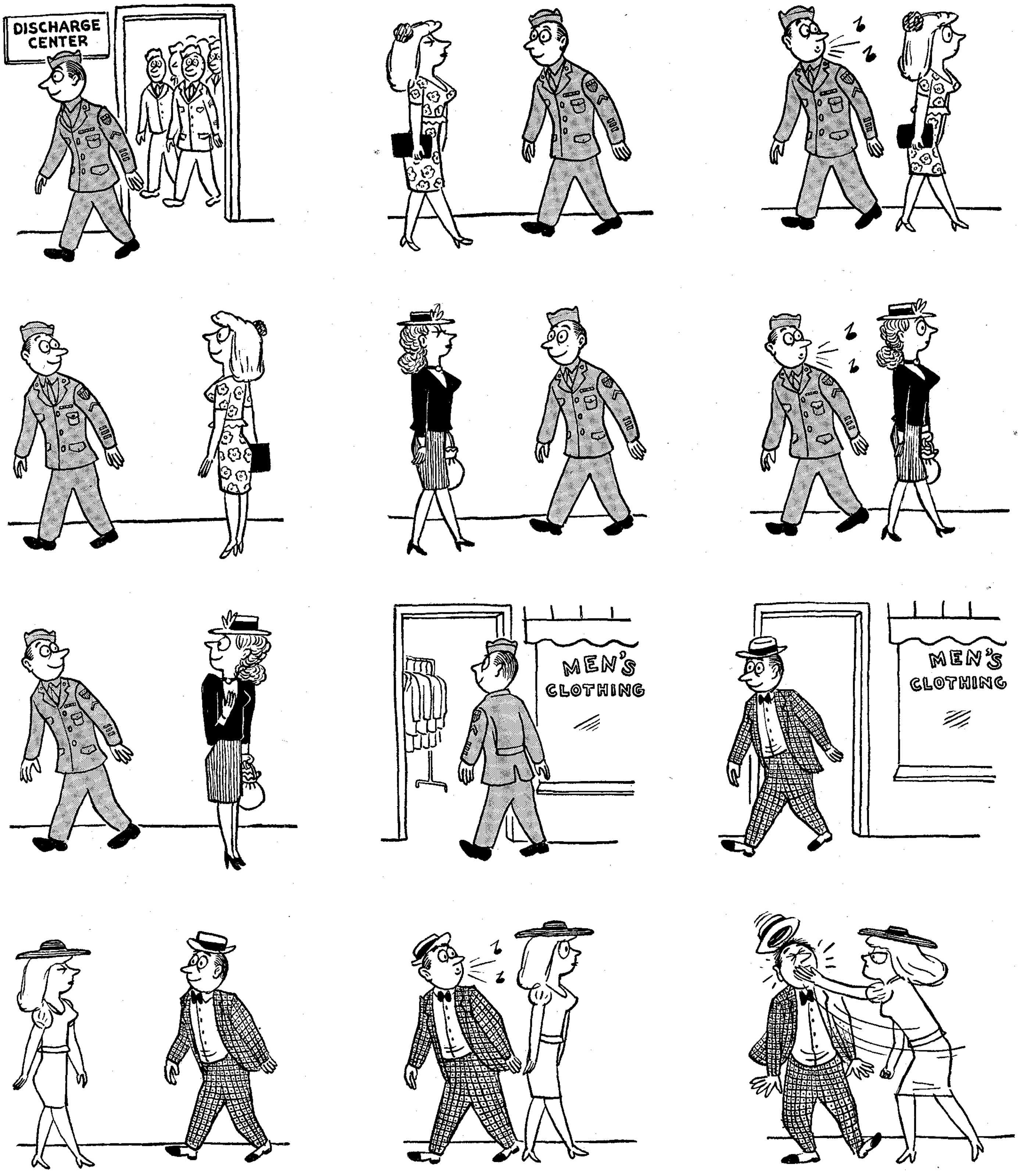
It seemed to know more than he did, that field, and to be tempting him with its knowledge. Mr. Harris lay for some time, just staring at it, thinking how far away it looked, and how subtly inviting; thinking how pleasant it would be to be there, wading in such greenery; thinking how different, if he *were* there, his house, his trees, his garden—perhaps even his whole life as well—might look to him. He was interrupted by a sound behind him. He heard a car door slam in the road before the house, and twisting his head about he saw a man come through the gate. It was a delivery man, for he had on leggings and a sort of military cap with a visor and carried a parcel. Mr. Harris had no idea what was in the parcel—maybe meat, maybe laundry, maybe groceries. Maybe it was the baker: Mr. Harris knew there was a baker who came by three times a week. The laundry man came twice, and so did the butcher.

Whoever he was, the man went up the side path toward the kitchen, walking with head slightly bent and with the impersonal haste of one who performs a routine errand. When he reached the kitchen porch he ran up the three steps lightly, knocked, then pulled the screen door open and disappeared inside. The screen door slammed behind him. Mr. Harris, his senses sharpened by his fatigue, watched with an odd sense of detachment, as if the whole thing took place at great distance, so he could see but not participate.

Then, after a moment or two, the screen door swung open again. The man ran down the steps, fitting on his cap as he did so, and hurried off across the lawn. The screen door slammed shut, a black oblong against the white jut of the kitchen wing. Mr. Harris could just make out, dimly, behind the screening, the strips of old newspapers that Ella, their cook, had tied together like a cat-o'-nine-tails and fastened inside the framework of the door. They were supposed, by their swinging, to keep flies from coming into the house when the door was open. They were swinging slightly now.

Ella was a tall, sharp-faced, angular woman they had hired not long ago from the neighboring village. Mr. Harris didn't like her particularly, but there was no denying that she was a quite good cook, though a little absent-minded. And these days, of course, any kind of domestic help was something to be treasured. She would be in the kitchen now, untying the parcel on the long white-enamel-topped table beside the sink, winding the string up around her finger and then storing it away carefully, unpacking the parcel and sorting its contents. If they were meats, they would go in the icebox; if breadstuff, into the bread box, if laundry, into the linen closet in the upstairs hall. Then—in spite of the blank white wall that separated them, Mr. Harris could picture the woman as if he accompanied every move—she would stoop to the oven door and open it, and take a quick look at whatever was cooking inside it.

Whatever it was, it would be nearly done now, for it was getting on toward dinner time. It was odd that his wife hadn't started looking for him already; she always wanted him dressed and fully accounted for a good hour before it was necessary. It was, Mr. Harris realized, just a way of getting him off her mind. She was probably still upstairs dressing; when she finished, that would be when the hue and cry would begin. He turned his gaze back to the valley, and his eyes sought out the field across the way. He had just remembered who the people were that were coming to dinner that night. It was the Mackenzies, and the thought of it gave him no pleasure. Mr. Mackenzie himself was portly and overbearing; he had bought the old Emerson place, down the road, and, like many city people, he had gone heavily rustic, buy-



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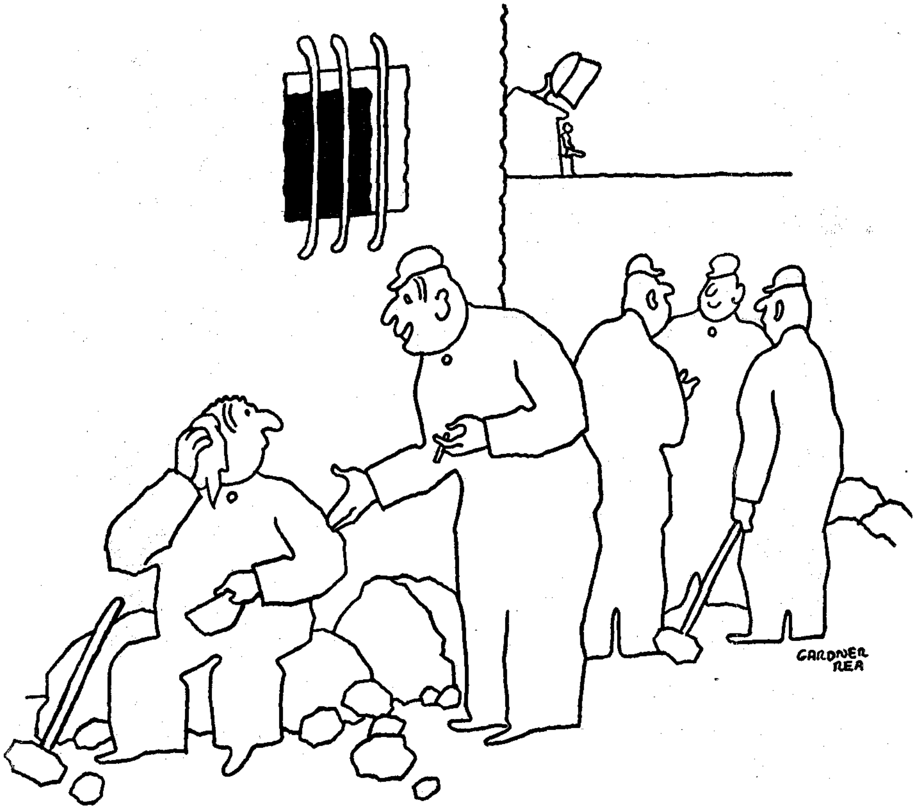
ing blooded cattle and planting soybeans and other odd crops. Mrs. M. ran to rather tight sweaters and a generally varnished glamour. But they had taken the place down the road. They were neighbors, they had had the Harrises to dinner, and that dinner had been returned; so the round had started. Like the meat slid into the icebox, the linens laid out in the linen closet upstairs, they were a part of the Harrises' life now; they had to be considered. After dinner, Mr. Harris would have to drink a little too much with Wainwright Mackenzie and quite possibly get into an argument, in which he would have to restrain himself politely, over politics.

There ought to be some way to make life less complicated, Mr. Harris thought. To work, yes; to get tired, that was all right too. But to get tired running to and from trains to the city, to work there merely to earn enough money so one's peace in the country could be interfered with by such people as the Mackenzies—that was silly. If he were a farmer, now, working in that



"Spike Mulloy is the name. Bow-wow Higgs told me to look you up if I was ever around this neck of the woods."

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field over there, with what wonderment would he look down at the Harrises', at the comings and goings, the doors slamming, the guests arriving, the chairs being moved out onto the terrace and then moved back again. If he were a farmer in that field . . . With a suddenness that surprised him, Mr. Harris found himself sliding slipperily in the warm, heady seas of romanticism.

There would be a girl in that field too, of course, in his mood of the moment; brown-limbed and brown-haired, she would be as proud and self-reliant as a creature of the field itself. He could see her stepping toward him through the rows of, well, wheat, as he raised his head from his labors. There would be no awkwardness in her gait, no flutterings about snakes and jumping things that might be in her path. She would be smiling and untroubled, unworried by the complications that other women contrive in their lives. Hand in his hand, she would lead him in to a simple dinner; afterward, they would sit together by an open fire.

FOR the second time, Mr. Harris was interrupted by a sound behind him. This time it was his wife. She was coming toward him across the lawn, almost running, he noticed, and trying desperately to keep from stumbling in the long-skirted dinner dress she wore. "Fred! Fred!" she was calling, as if at first she hadn't seen him. She was flushed and she looked hot and worried. Then she said, "Oh, there you are," and slowed down. "Fred, the most awful thing has happened! And at this time, too, with the Mackenzies coming in any minute for dinner. Both the stove and the refrigerator have gone off! I suppose it's the electricity somewhere, but you'll have to come in right away and fix it. Or if you can't, we'll have to get somebody right away from the electric-light company—only nowadays you have to wait days for them to do anything. Oh, dear!" she said. She began rubbing one elbow with the palm of the other hand, in a curiously childish way she had when she was distracted. "You're not dressed yet, either," Mrs. Harris went on, but she mentioned this almost absently, in the face of her larger troubles. "And you know, do you know what happened? The store didn't send me any ice cream! They'd promised me some, and I thought even a little would be pleasant, these days. But then the last minute they said they were all out. I suppose someone nearer the village got there first. So now what will I have for dessert?"

"Have some cookies or something," Mr. Harris suggested. Her dinner dress was red, the same shade exactly as her lipstick, he noticed, and he wondered idly if that was a new fashion. It gave her small face a slight pert look that was certainly attractive.

"Oh, I'll manage the dessert all right," Mrs. Harris assured him. "It's the stove and the icebox that's worrying me. Fred, you've got to do something!"

Mr. Harris felt a sudden wave of fondness come over him. After all, she did look so helpless, standing there. "Come here," he said, and as she came over to the chair he put an arm out to encircle her legs at the hips. "And you've got to change your clothes, too," she protested, but he felt her body give pleasantly to his pull.

"Ten chances to one it's just a fuse that's blown out," he told her. Some years of living in the country had given Mr. Harris a certain experience with domestic problems like these. "Did you try any of the lights to see if they were working?"

"No, I didn't," she said. "I was so worried about dinner being late, I just ran out to you. I thought you could fix it."

"Well," said Mr. Harris as he hoisted himself to his feet. "I think maybe I can." He was pleased in spite of himself. Complications, after all, were a part of a woman's way of life. In a way, he thought, trouble was the web that she spun. It was man's rôle to find a way out of it. Or not out of it, really—as the man blundered here and there, the woman was still ahead of him, spinning new mazes to bewilder him. On an impulse, as he followed his wife toward the house, Mr. Harris glanced again at the field across the valley.

But the light had shifted since he last looked at it, apparently, and the field no longer glowed as it had before. Indeed, he had some difficulty deciding which one it was. When he did locate it, it looked just like any other field, though perhaps its green was a little paler. But the quality that had made it singular had gone out of it; it looked just like any other field, only paler. With a few rapid strides, he caught up with Mrs. Harris. "I'll change quickly," he said. "And don't worry about dinner being late. I'll just feed those Mackenzies plenty of cocktails. They'll never notice the time." —ROBERT M. COATES

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Although a native of Nebraska, Prof. Stone displays a fine command of the English language.—*Beloit College Round Table.*

Fearful odds often spur a man on.

THE ATLAS MOTH

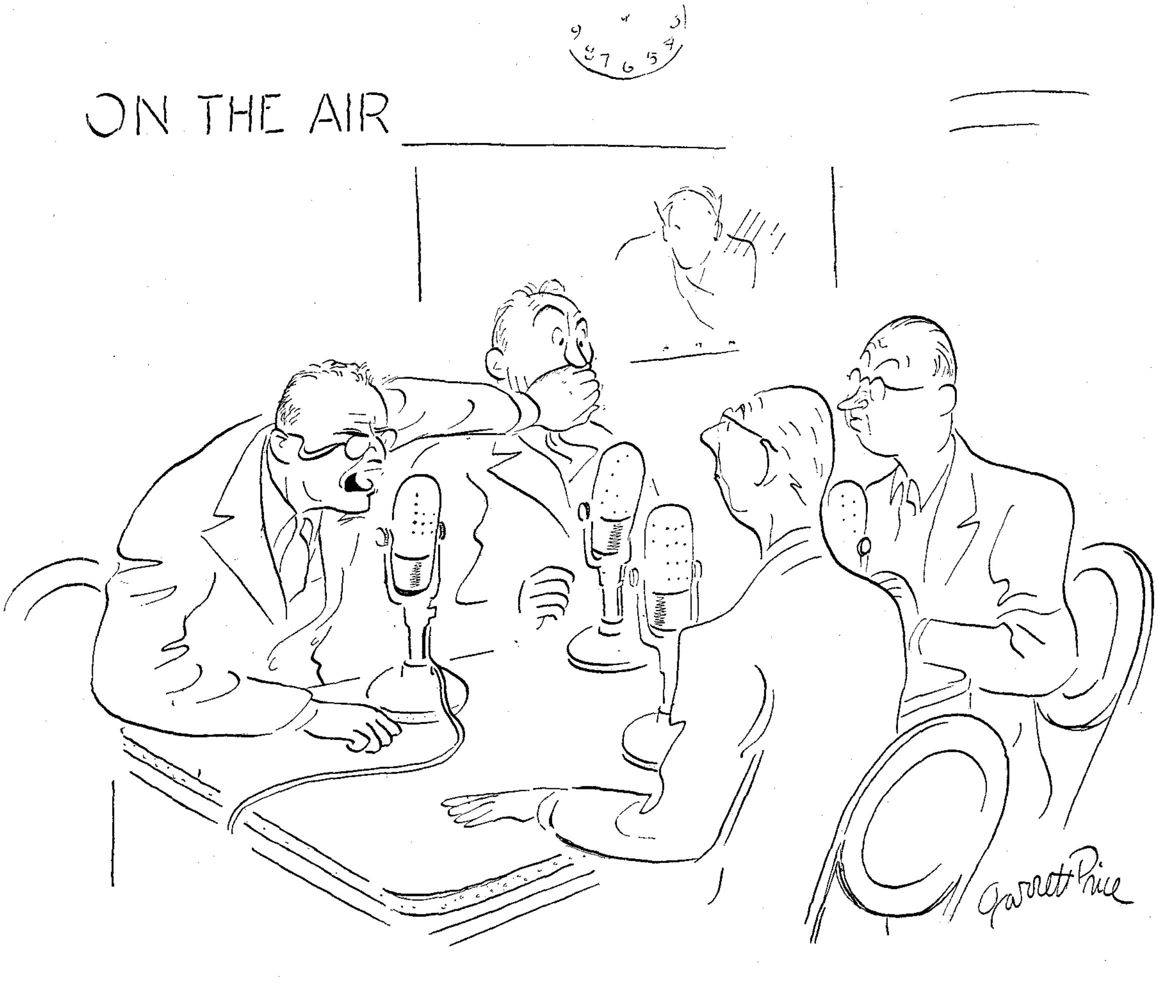
WHEN we were children, my brother and I spent several summers with our parents in a place called Bhowali, in the Kumaun Hills of northern India. It was a country of orchards and terraced hills, criss-crossed with paths leading to tiny villages. Many of the villagers were farmers, and they provided our family with milk, eggs, chickens, and fruit. Since the terrain was impassable for wheels, to get anywhere we had to walk, and walk we did, covering miles of the surrounding country; there was little of it my brother and I didn't know by heart. There were only about a dozen English families in the neighborhood, and correspondingly few opportunities for European pastimes such as parties, dances, tennis, and the rest of it, but we children were seldom bored, for my father was a sportsman and we shared most of his pursuits. At the time he was threatened by a serious illness and had been told by the doctors that, though he could not play tennis or engage in other violent sports, he must stay outdoors as much as possible. Not that he needed special urging, for when he was not abroad with rifle or shotgun, he took to the wilds with a butterfly net, trailed, inevitably, by one or the other of his offspring. It was during this period of his life that he took up painting moths and butterflies. I still have some of his butterfly panels, done in oils, and, looking at them, I can return to the hillside, the tree or bush or stone where these exquisite creatures were caught more than twenty years ago.

Our butterfly nets—or dodgers, as we called them—were mounted on circular wire frames attached to light bamboo poles about seven feet long. The nets were simply old mosquito curtains made into bags as big as pillow cases. Our method of killing a butterfly was starkly simple: we just squeezed the thorax between finger and thumb. There were occasions when especially resilient specimens would live for hours, their antennae waving at us hauntingly, their hairy feet clinging to our fingers. Finally they'd die, and take their places in the cork-lined box which housed our collection. We learned the inaccuracy of the statement that butterflies live only for a day when my brother caught a humble Tortoiseshell, tied a long white thread to its leg, and tethered it to a chair on the veranda, where it lived four days before it died an unnatural death when our cat killed it.

We also collected chrysalises and caterpillars, and followed their metamorphoses with passionate interest. I remember one evening when, soon after the big oil lamps had been lighted in their brackets on the wall, one of our Indian servants, a timid man from the plains, suddenly gave a howl and began to beat the living-room rug with the brass tray he was carrying. "Snake!" he yelled. "Snake, snake!" When we ran to investigate, we found he had slain our current pet and prize, a large lunar-moth caterpillar, which had crawled out of its box and under the light cotton rug, leaving behind it a serpentine wake, like a mole's in a lawn.

Some of our friends, old and young, caught the collecting fever, and intense rivalries sprang up between the neighboring households. As with most sports, there was a good deal that was thoroughly unsporting about this particular hobby. For instance, if we children heard that a friend had caught a rare specimen, we rushed to examine it and to ask where it had been captured. When not downright untrue, the replies were almost always evasive; no one wanted to reveal the location of the better hunting grounds because half the pride of achievement and possession lay in the rareness of the specimen and in the envy of friends. This often led to furious rows and long-drawn-out animosities. I remember when an elderly gentleman netted a butterfly from under my brother's nose, my brother, aged twelve, immediately attacked him and had to be dragged off by me and the elderly gentleman's elderly wife.

My brother and I had only to hear that someone had sighted a rare butterfly to seize our hats and dodgers and set forth. To the skeptic, this may sound like



"If Dr. Ryan will pardon me, I'd like to put in a word here."

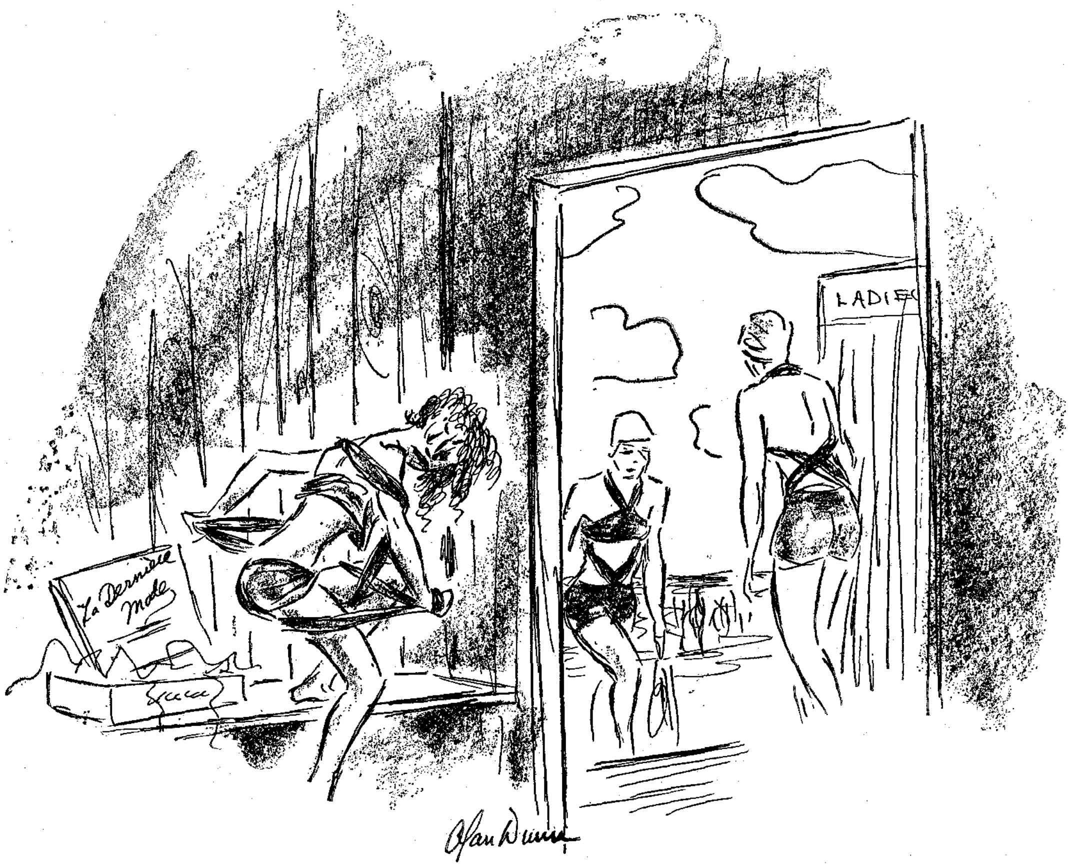
hunting for needles in haystacks, but our eyes, our wind, our limbs, and the special instinct which accompanies enthusiasm rarely failed us. We talked butterflies and dreamed butterflies, and the mere thought that somewhere, even as far away as twenty miles, there hovered one of a species not yet caught by us was incentive enough to keep us searching for weeks on end.

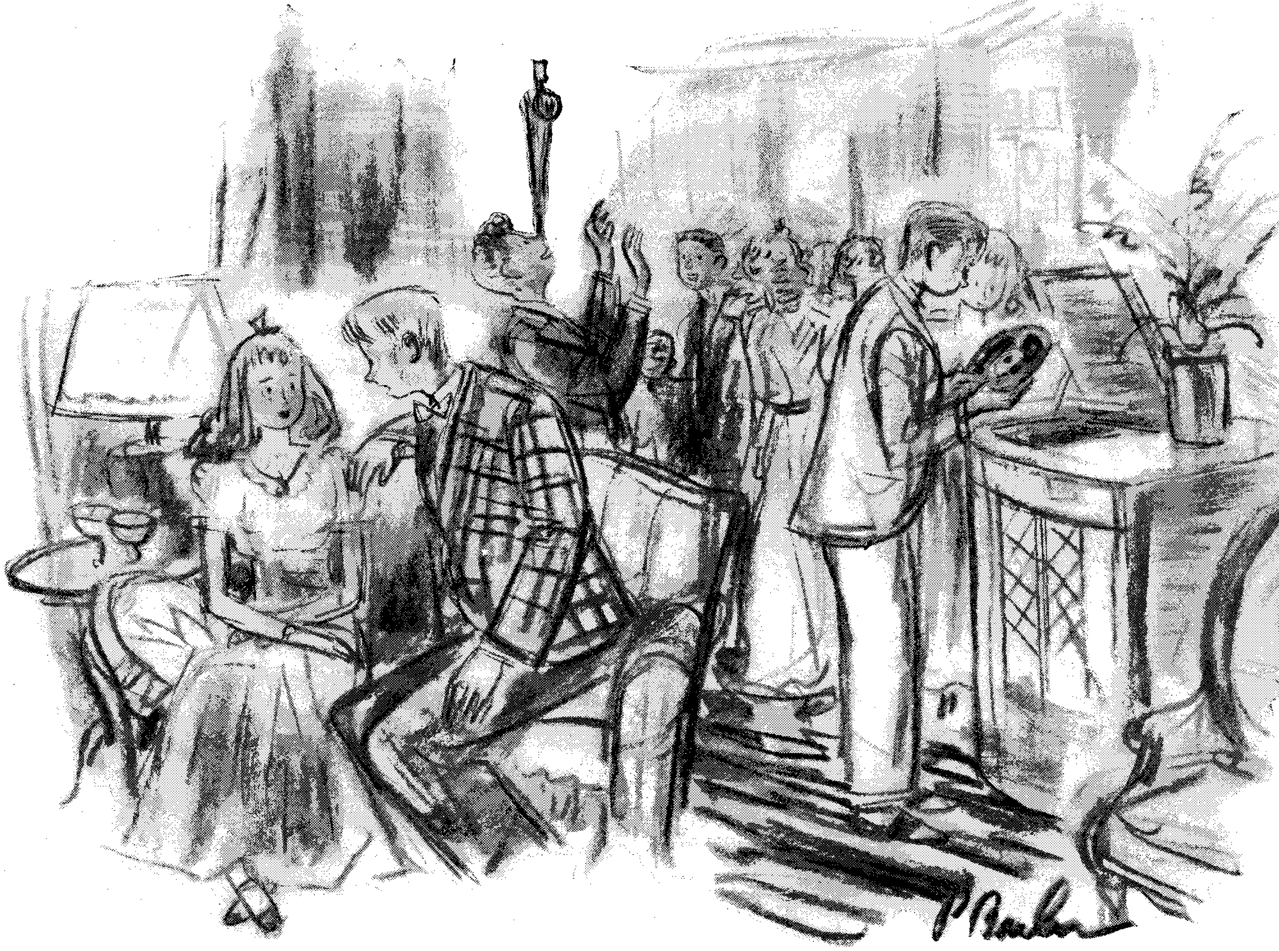
THE Oak Leaf Butterfly was one such incentive. Several of our friends had specimens of it, but although my brother and I had sighted a few on the wing, we had never managed to catch one. The Oak Leaf is purplish blue on top, with a broad orange stripe on the upper side of the forewings. It takes its name from its drab underside, for when in repose, wings closed, it looks exactly like a dead leaf of the dwarfed Himalayan oak.

One afternoon my brother and I were returning after a day spent on sunny hillsides several miles from home. We'd had no lunch and were tired, so we decided to take a short cut through a gorge which we had been forbidden to enter because bears had once been reported there. We had peered into the entrance of this place when we had been pheasant shooting with my father, but had never entered it until that afternoon. Though the sun was still high, little light penetrated the gorge. The ground was strewn with boulders, the limbs of stunted oaks were overgrown with lavender orchids and moss, and above us the walls narrowed and the sky seemed illimitably far off, pale and insignificant. A queer sense of dread grew on us as the sound of our shoes on the stones and of water dripping down an invisible fissure sent back a succession of whispering echoes. We quite forgot about the bears and the other dangers of which we'd been warned. No one had thought to warn us about the creatures of our own imagination, against which we were defenseless. But by the time the desire to turn back had taken hold of us, we were halfway through the ravine, and there was nothing for it but to keep going, which we did, walking close together and keeping our eyes fixed on the luminous opening at the farther end. Since entering we had seen neither bird nor animal, and it seemed as if the place was devoid of life, when suddenly, in the terraqueous light, there appeared a large butterfly fluttering twenty feet ahead of us. We recognized it as an Oak Leaf and, forgetting our fears, promptly gave chase. Then an odd thing happened: every bush and tree moved and put forth handfuls of this butterfly, until the ravine was literally full of them and alive with the elfin dance of their wings. I have no idea how many we caught—more than we should have, many more than we had any use for. When at last we came to the end of the gorge and looked back, it lay shadowed and lifeless; the butterflies had all settled and returned to their semblance of dead leaves.

THE pursuit of the moth entailed an entirely different *bandobust* than the pursuit of the butterfly. It was not a mere matter of racing and plunging over sunlit slopes and rocky crags, but a game of study and waiting—the stalk rather than the charge. On nights in early summer, we wandered through the garden and along the terraces below our house, eyes and ears alert. A stir among the sleeping flowers, a commotion in the peach leaves, and a big Sphinx would zoom out, describe an airy circle, and return to his feeding. We learned the way of the moth as we had learned the way of the butterfly—by hunting it. This nocturnal pursuit had other fascinations, and the transfigured world of night often kept us out until dawn. As the oil lamps in the house were put out and darkness welled up, familiar things were strangely altered. It seemed to us as if flowers smelled quite differently at night, and that sometimes big white boulders beside the path coiled and uncoiled, like creatures stretching themselves before rising and walking away. Trees lost their pictorial quality and became as hard as statues. Upon this subtle world intruded the leopard and the moth. Coming round a corner of the house one night, my brother and I stopped dead and stared into the eyes of a beast which had itself paused to consider our presence. Poised on the edge of the terrace, its mottled tail richly curled, the pale hairs on its face gleaming in the starlight, a leopard appraised us; then noiselessly melted into the darkness, and we turned to ask each other whether we had dreamed.

My father was eager to get an Atlas, which is the biggest of all the moths; a good specimen measures twelve inches from wing tip to wing tip. One day our *gwala*, or milkman, arriving with the morning milk, found us all bent over our moth collection, set-





"Gee, I wish you didn't live here. I hoped I could take you home."

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ting the latest prize with pins. He watched with interest, then told us that where he lived, he'd seen moths two and three times the size of any in the box. My father immediately offered him five rupees if he would bring us one of these moths alive or dead, preferably alive. "I don't want the clumsy fool to kill it," he explained afterward. "Rather do it myself."

Next day the *gwala* appeared, beaming. "I have your moth, Sahib! A big one—a foot long!" We crowded round in a passion of excitement, which waned a little as he began to unwind his dirty turban fold by fold. At last it came completely unwound and out fell the moth. It was indeed an Atlas, or had been once, but now the forewings were broken beyond recognition; the hind wings crushed and smeared, and only the velvet body of russet and rose was whole. Sick and stricken, we watched it crawl over the floor at our feet. Then my father's temper, never his best point, burst like a tornado, and he kicked the milk jars one by one off the veranda steps. But hope lingered; we learned from the frightened *gwala* that he had caught the Atlas under one of the medlar trees near his village. The medlars were ripe, and as they fell and rotted on the ground, they exhaled a sticky sweetness which attracted the moths.

That evening, armed with our nets and a hurricane lantern, my brother, my father, and I set out for the *gwala's* village. The air was warm and mild. We children were as excited as we would have been if we'd been hunting tigers. We kept asking my father how large he thought an Atlas could grow, and he kept replying that he was not sure. "Ten inches, perhaps twelve," he said. But my brother's head and mine teemed with visions. We remembered the valley where we'd found the Oak Leaf butterflies, and we pictured a garden swarming with Atlas moths that had a wingspread of two feet or more. We wondered aloud whether anyone had ever caught a moth as large as an eagle. To this my father answered, "Don't be silly!"

"But why not?" I insisted. "If a moth's wings can get to be a foot long, why not longer?"

"Don't be silly."

My brother backed me up. "Well, but just because we haven't *seen* a moth as big as an eagle . . ."

"All right, all right!" my father said. "Have you ever seen an eagle as small as a moth?"

"No," said my brother valiantly, "but that doesn't mean there *isn't* an eagle as small as a moth!"

"Oh, don't be silly!"

The *gwala's* village was a cluster of thatched huts set in a clearing. Before it the ground dipped in small terraces to a stream bordered by level stretches of bright-green grass. The medlar tree stood by itself a couple of hundred yards from the huts. Its appearance immediately captured my brother's and my imagination. It was an old black tree with gnarled branches and clawlike twigs, and it had that air which some old apple trees have, an air partly human, shaped as they are by human hands into simple or complicated forms.

"I bet," whispered my brother, "I

bet almost *anything* might come to eat those medlars!"

"I bet, too!" I answered with a joyful shudder.

It grows dark quickly in the mountains, and the sun had vanished by the time we took our stations. My father lighted the lantern and hung it on a limb of the tree; then he posted my brother on one side of the tree and me on the other, and sat himself at the base of the trunk, his net across his knees. "Remember," he warned us, "I'm not supposed to run, so if either of you gets a chance to net a moth, don't waste any time about it."

My mind filled with visions of huge moths, opulent as silk, precious as sapphires. As some people dream of finding treasure, I dreamed of catching moths which would be the most rare, the most undreamed-of creatures in the world. A light or two gleamed in the village and we heard Pahari voices, hoarse and guttural, and the inevitable yapping of village dogs, and a buffalo mooing a long, melancholy note. All these familiar sounds seemed hollow, cupped in the wilderness that surrounded us. There is a peculiar quality to the silence which falls upon those hills: it can be called silence in spite of sounds which pierce it at intervals—clear, intense sounds which serve only to make the quietude more impressive. That night we heard a sambar stag belling in the distance, and the voice of a nightjar on the hill behind us. My brother and I felt the enchantment of the hour. But we were unconscious of time; none of us had a watch, none of us cared what the hour might be, or how long we had sat here, or how long we would stay. The lantern cast its frail beam upward into the branches and down upon the ground, and into this circle of light flew numerous insects which dashed themselves against the glass that protected the flame.

Then came a sudden, sharp buzzing and a Rose Sphinx hung for a minute on electric wings, like a hummingbird. I stared at the gilding on its fawn-colored forewings, at the rosy semicircles of the hind wings, at the fiery pinpoints of its eyes. My brother's net flashed in the gloom. "Got it!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"We don't need it," said my father. "We have three Rose Sphinxes."

"I know, but I want this one."

"Let it go!"

Obediently, my brother released the captive, which zipped off into the darkness.

Presently my brother said, "Don't bears like to eat medlars?"

My father said yes, they did. There was a pause, then my brother said, "We haven't got a gun. What would happen if a bear should come along suddenly?"

"You could catch it in your net."

"No, but really, what—"

"You could climb the tree, only it wouldn't do much good because bears climb trees, too," my father said.

A Cat's Eye moth sailed into view. It was four inches long, black, with large round "eyes" on each forewing. Without rising, my father made a flourish with his net. "Got it!" he said smugly.

"No, you didn't," said my brother. "I saw it go. Besides," he added under his breath, "we *have* a Cat's Eye."

I said hurriedly, "Why's it called a Cat's Eye, especially?"

"Because," explained my father, "birds eat this moth, so whoever made it arranged that it should have cat's eyes on its wings, to frighten the birds."

My brother thought this over, then he objected. "But in that case it would have to work for all birds, which means that all birds must know what a cat's eyes look like, in order to be frightened."

"Quite," said my father.

"But all birds *can't* know what cats look like! There must be hundreds and hundreds of birds who've never even seen a cat!"

"Quite," said my father.

SILENCE descended once more, and we listened to the little friendly noises of the village and to the farther, wilder sounds of the valley and the hills. The smell of ripe medlars rose from the ground. Then wings—large, majestic, noiseless wings marked by triangular hyaline "windows"—darkened the lantern light, and vanished.

My father scrambled to his feet. "My God!" he exclaimed. "Did you see it?"

"It was the Atlas," I mumbled, "the Atlas!"

My brother had disappeared, and we heard frantic plungings in the gloom beyond the tree. Presently he returned, shaking. "I missed it! It went right past my face—it was as big as a hawk, I swear it was! And it went right past my face!" His voice cracked, and I thought that in another second he would burst into tears.

My father said quickly, "Don't worry, it will come back. They always come back."

Even as he spoke the moth returned, beating its wings against the light.

"Catch it!" screamed my brother. "Catch it, catch it!"

My father's figure seemed to spring to enormous proportions; beyond him the smaller figure of my brother spun in circles, and the two butterfly nets whirled and swooped. My eyes blurred with the confusion of the two bodies dancing in the lantern light as the moth, luminous and mysterious, found itself caught in the airy turbulence of the swishing nets. Then I lost sight of it and my brother cried, "Oh, it's gone! It's gone!"

My father came back to the circle of lantern light carrying his net with infinite care. "I have it," he said. "Look, I have it!" We bent over the net, and saw the Atlas move inside it. My father slid his hand into the net, folded the wings gently, and took them and the great body between finger and thumb. Raptly, like a pair of acolytes, my brother and I watched him, as, holding the body firmly, he released the wings. They stood upright, then slowly opened and spread themselves; the fernlike antennae quivered, the ruby eyes glowed upon us.

My brother drew a deep breath. "It's going to be awfully difficult to kill," he murmured. "We'll have to squeeze and squeeze and squeeze."

Something drew my gaze to my father's face. It had a strange look, a stillness as if he were not listening, as if he were not actually there beside me, though I knew with my mind that of course he was. Deliberately, he opened his hand and allowed the moth to crawl from palm to middle finger and along the finger to the end, where it hesitated, pawing the abyss with its forefeet. Then suddenly, with a great sweep of its wings, it scaled off, soundlessly, into the dark. —CHRISTINE WESTON

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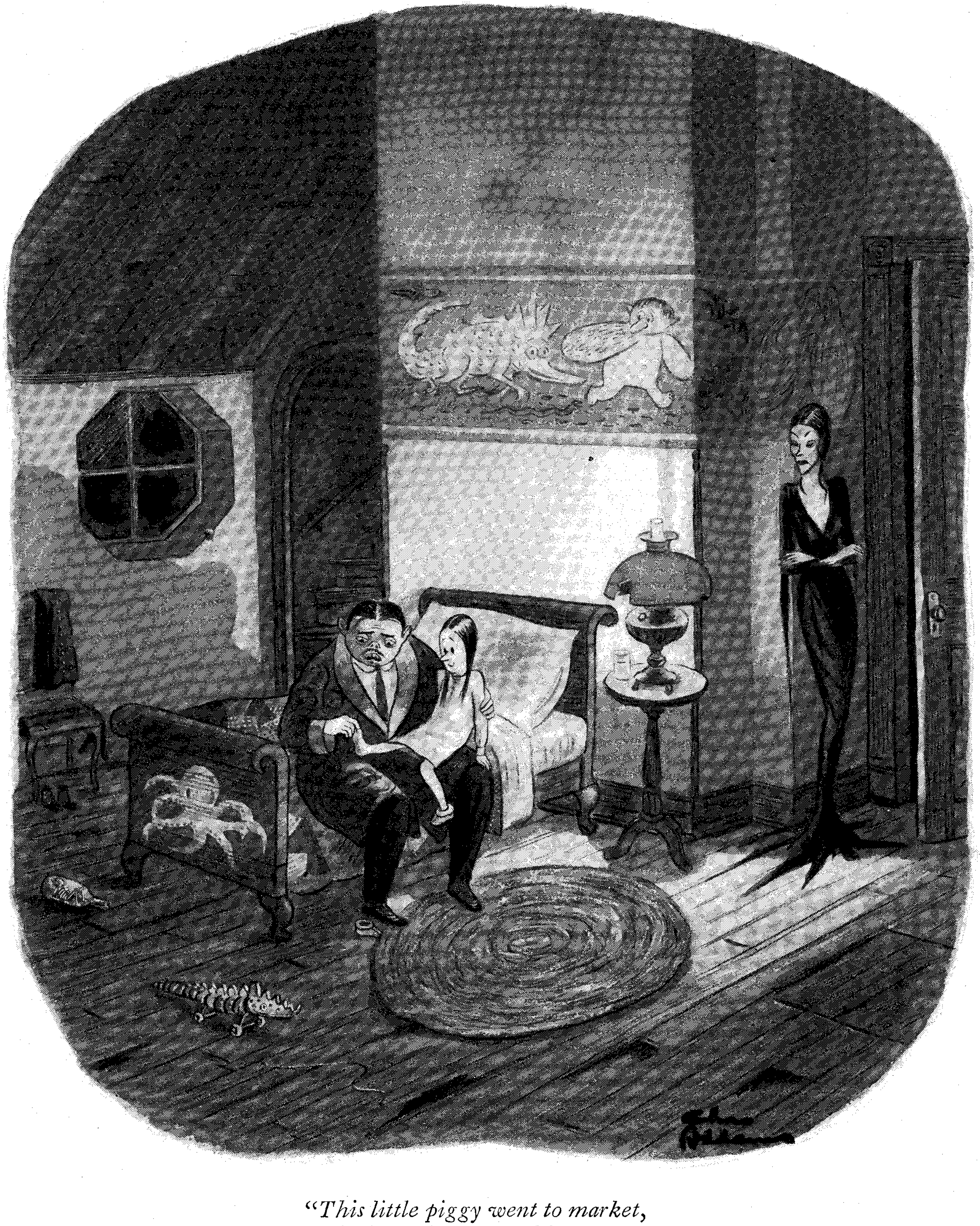
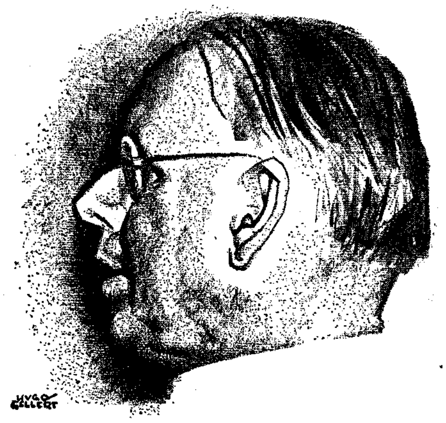
THE FOURTH WEDDING FOR THE FORTY FIVE YEAR OLD HARD GUY OF THE SCREEN AND THE FIRST FOR HIS TWENTY YEAR OLD BRIDE WAS A SIMPLE ONE. THE CEREMONY LASTED ONLY THREE MONTHS.—*A. P. dispatch.*

Simple but interminable.



"*This little piggy went to market,*
This little piggy stayed home,
This little piggy had roast beef,
This little piggy had none,
This little piggy went wee wee wee all the way home,
And this little piggy . . ."



PROFILES

UNDER THE RUG—II

Arthur Upham Pope, the director of the Iranian Institute, at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street, is well known all over Persia. He has visited the country fourteen times, mostly on archeological expeditions. While Persia offers some hazards for the average foreign traveller, it has never been much of a problem to Pope. Except for a few attempts on his life by religious zealots, he has conducted his inspections with little discomfort. In times past the Persians have expressed annoyance over the intrusions of outsiders. A mob in Teheran once attacked and killed an American consul who was taking some pictures of a fountain that had a curse on it, and various sightseers have suffered violence. Owing to the uncommonly large number of curses favored by Mohammedanism, the religion of Persia, unbelievers must proceed with caution. Not so with Pope. "All of the gods, including Mohammed, must have been keeping an eye on him," one of his colleagues recalled recently. "He was as brave as a lion." Pope takes a modest view of his wanderings through Persia. "There isn't the slightest danger," he says. "It all depends on your attitude. The people can easily see that my motives are good." On one or two occasions, however, Pope has run into groups of nearsighted Persians and had a lively time. Once, camera in hand, he was cheerily preparing to duck into a sacred mosque near a mountain village. It was a little after dawn, and he figured that nobody was up. It developed, though, that the pastor, or *mullah*, was on hand, apparently working on some early-morning prayers. The *mullah* hurried into town and collared several members of a caravan that had just arrived. The men were washing up in the local horse trough, but they promised to come over and kill Pope as soon as they had finished. Sure enough, they appeared in the mosque shortly and started to keep their word. Fortunately, at this point a large, well-armed constable stepped out from behind a column and broke up the meeting. He had been assigned by the mayor to tail Pope, whose friendly visiting habits had been heard of in that area.

On another occasion, the director was saved by two soldiers. He had climbed up a trellis to the roof of a forbidden mosque and was stretched out on his stomach, getting a difficult angle shot of some frescoes. Six black-robed *farash*, or guardians of the shrine, spotted him from below and came scrambling up the trellis, carrying big, knotty clubs. The soldiers stopped them in the nick of time. Pope does not recall that he changed his horizontal position, although a hellish melee appeared to be in progress on the roof behind him. "They almost ruined one of the best photographs I have ever taken," he later said testily. Not all of Pope's encounters with Persian taboos were serious; now and then a danger signal turned out to be an amusing false alarm. One time he and several assistants were gathered in the courtyard of a temple that was under one of the heaviest taboos in the country. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, and the assistants dived for cover. "Get down, Pope, for God's sake! The jig's up!" they shouted, for the director, who was thinking about taking some pictures, was still standing, with a look of deep meditation on his face. No further explosions were heard, and it was discovered at length that a passing crow had dropped a camel bone, which cracked apart on the stone paving. On his last few expeditions, Pope had a blanket permission from the Shah to go anywhere he pleased in the country. This was helpful in some cases, but a great many Persians in outlying regions had never heard of the Shah, and it is doubtful whether they would have been much impressed if they had. Often the local authorities pleaded with Pope to enter the religious shrines disguised in some way. The director went so far as to price a number of false beards in a catalogue, but he never got around to buying any. He just took his chances, and made out very well.

Pope used to have a good deal of trouble with France, off and on. France, he felt, was inclined to take a proprietary attitude toward Persian culture, as a result of an insignificant treaty or two. This sometimes interfered with Pope's operations. He was finally obliged to go to Washington and urge Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes to break off diplomatic relations with France, and maybe start a war. The Secretary thought it over a few minutes, then said no. In spite of France, Pope has managed to cover Persia very thoroughly. His researches there have not been superficial; he's dug vigorously wherever he's gone. Men who have been on these expeditions with him cherish the memory of Pope on the trail of Persian lore. "We'll dig up in the hills at Luristan tomorrow, fellows," he might cry, and his associates were in for some harrowing times. "I suppose the worst business was his automobile driving," one of his companions said recently. "It was dreaded throughout Persia." After deciding where to dig, Pope would bundle his closest advisers and a number of picks, shovels, trowels, spades, and other tools into a second-hand Buick and be ready for the road. The rest of the party, including a crew of paid diggers, would follow in other cars, generally arriving a day to two weeks later, depending on how far away they were going. Nearly always Pope's passengers would make a few feeble efforts to take over the driving. "Aren't you pretty tired, Arthur?" they would say, or "Arthur, you shouldn't jeopardize your health this way. Save up for the digging." These ruses never worked. Buttoning up his ragged old linen duster, Pope would grip the wheel, fix his eye on the distant horizon, and light out down the road at whatever speed the car could muster. Sheep, horses, Persians, camels, goats, dogs, and cats scattered whenever they saw him approaching, and usually just in time. He never seemed to notice the coming of darkness. "Well," one of his group might say, "I guess it's about time to hole up for the night, hey, Arthur?" "We'll make Luristan by dawn if we push it, men," Pope would cry, and perhaps yaw over on two wheels to miss a horse cart. Once on the scene, Pope was a picture of sure-footed industry. He appeared to function as a kind of human divining rod. Summoning his diggers, he might call out, "Down you go right here, lads. I have an idea we'll uncover the lost bronzes before this day is out." As often as not, he would be right.

Pope's contribution to the world's knowledge of Persian culture cannot be exaggerated. If for nothing else, he will be remembered by posterity for his "Survey of Persian Art," a massive work, in six volumes, that weighs, in the aggregate, around fifty-five pounds. The Survey was completed in 1938, after eight years' toil by Pope and a large staff of scholars. To do the job, they established offices in New York, Paris, and London, and directed eleven expeditions to Persia from them. The work has a wide range, taking in not only the basic arts but also a number of dubious cousins, such as bookbinding and astronomy. It has many pictures and diagrams, and is liberally footnoted. The Survey has, in fact, what Pope believes to be the longest footnote on record, running a little better than five and a half pages. It was written by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, Pope's wife, who, among other things, proofread all six volumes of the work five times, straightened out the eight thousand cross references, and prepared the chapters on textiles, iconography, and early seals and figurines. The Survey was published by the Oxford Press, and simultaneously with its appearance Pope and his associates held exhibitions of Persian art in several cities of this country and Europe. Part of the publishing costs were borne by the Institute. Pope himself contributed thirty-five thousand dollars, his life's savings. The Survey never reached the best-seller list, but its appearance was hailed with rapture in scholastic circles. Many of the leading educators of America and Europe have said flatly that it is the most important cultural work of all time. The Aga Khan, a man of discrimination, ordered ten sets of the Survey, saying that he wanted to present nine of them to friends, including Anthony Eden. Around the Institute the Survey creeps into the conversation much as King Charles's head kept getting into Mr. Dick's memorial in "David Copperfield." Pope has a tendency to date all events in the organization's history in relation to the Survey. "Let's see," he may say in answer to a visitor's question about a tapestry, "we acquired that in the fourth year of the Survey, the trip old Potts broke his leg crawling through the ruins at Asterabad."

The director credits Dr. Ackerman with much of the success of the Survey. Her chapters on textiles and iconography are considered among the most profound in the book. "She is one of those incredible human beings," Pope says occasionally, throwing up his hands in a helpless gesture. "One of the truly remarkable minds." He and the Doctor, a tall, unruffled woman with an unmistakably erudite look, function as a kind of reciprocating claque. Dr. Ackerman cannot be too energetic in her praise of Pope, and Pope, in turn, defers to nobody in his admiration of Dr. Ackerman. It may well be one of the most successful marriages in history. The two met in 1913, when Pope was teaching philosophy at the University of California. She turned up in a Plato class of his,

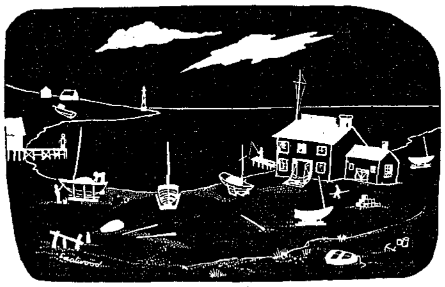
MENU
Whitney Darrow, jr

"We're all out of everything."

and he admits today that he viewed her with great suspicion. "I was skeptical, a little hostile," he says. "She was known around the university as the miracle child." Miss Ackerman, according to the best sources, was at that time almost unbearably precocious. One of her favorite activities was calling out the answers to difficult mathematical problems as the instructor was writing the problems on the blackboard. "It was uncanny and frightening," a classmate has said. "The poor chap might be just in the process of putting down the final Y's and X's—quadratic equations or calculus or some such thing—when she would cry out 'Twelve!' and, so help me, it would be the answer. The rest of the class got *nothing* out of the course whatever." Pope was not especially eager to take on a prodigy, since he himself, at thirty-two, was still considered rather precocious, but Miss Ackerman seemed a little subdued by Plato, and they got along harmoniously.

So profound was Pope's influence on the miracle child that she abandoned mathematics and took her doctor's degree in philosophy. She was appointed an instructor in the philosophy department shortly afterward. Her treatise on "Hegel and Pragmatism" a few years later upset the entire educational world. "Oh, what a critical indictment that was!" Pope says. "Marvellous, brilliant!" They were married in 1920, after they had come to New York, Pope to work on a book called "Philosophical Maladies of the Nineteenth Century," which he never finished, and Dr. Ackerman to write a column on art for the New York *Globe.* The Doctor is not Pope's first wife. In 1905, at which time he was teaching philosophy at Brown, he married Miss Bertha Damon, who divorced him several years later and then turned out a best-seller entitled "Grandma Called It Carnal."

Pope was born in Phenix, Rhode Island, in 1881. His family was rather well known in the area. His mother's father, a sea captain named Titus, stood out in particular. The sailors on that coast ran like deer when they saw him coming, as they were afraid he would talk them into shipping with him. Captain Titus was widely regarded as mad. While his ship was in port, he was fairly calm, spending his time climbing up and down masts, with a solid-silver spyglass between his teeth, to keep in practice. At sea, he was noted for numerous eccentricities. Among other things, he kept thinking up unusual forms of discipline. Instead of confining unruly seamen below, he tied them in rocking chairs up on deck. On a brisk day, if the man rocked according to instructions, he was apt to overturn and crack his head every three or four minutes. This always caused the captain to roar with laughter. Once, in a terrible storm, most of the ship's water casks split open. To conserve water, he tied the dipper to a masthead that was swinging like a metronome. "Have a drink any time you please, boys," called the captain. "There's plenty of water for one and all." The captain was, however, most celebrated for his familiarity with the ocean bottom. As was known all over the world, he could take a sounding, examine the sediment, and fix his whereabouts within a few miles. According to old records, he was never seen to fail. One time a sailor got a bottle of dirt from some relatives in Kansas and slipped some into the sounding lead when Titus wasn't looking. The captain made an examination, then turned to the crew and said, "If I didn't know we were two hundred miles off Cape



DEATH WITH SOUND EFFECTS

VERSES COMPOSED UPON HEARING THAT SCIENTISTS ARE RECORDING THE MATING CALLS OF MOSQUITOES AND PLAN TO USE THEM TO LURE THE INSECTS TO THEIR DOWNFALL

When summer's warm upon the breeze
And evening shrouds the glens,
Oh, pity poor Anopheles
And Culex Pipiens,
Whom Science, on deliberate vote,
Has destined for a *Liebestod.*

The mists will fall, the moon will rise,
Darkness the daylight veto.
Then forward to his strange demise
Will race the blithe mosquito,
Antennae tuned to catch the tender
Accents of the female gender.

From duty will he turn away
To bear an ardent torch.
He'll leave his work and leave his play
On patio or porch,
Desert the foray intramural,
The city roof, the terrace rural,
The chosen grasses, moist and deep,
The chamber dedicate to sleep,
The bright, the unscreened living room,
And hurry off to meet his doom—
Yea, quit, no matter how it rankles,
His job on easy arms and ankles.

Foregoing much, forgetting all,
Save love or matrimony,
He'll fly—to find that mating call
A trick, a trap, a phony,
And come to grief with no defense,
The victim of his sentiments.

For thus, weighed down by nature's fetters,
The lower orders ape their betters.

—Phyllis McGinley

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Hatteras, I'd swear we were just north of Topeka." Captain Titus lived to an advanced age and died ashore, burning up in a tavern.

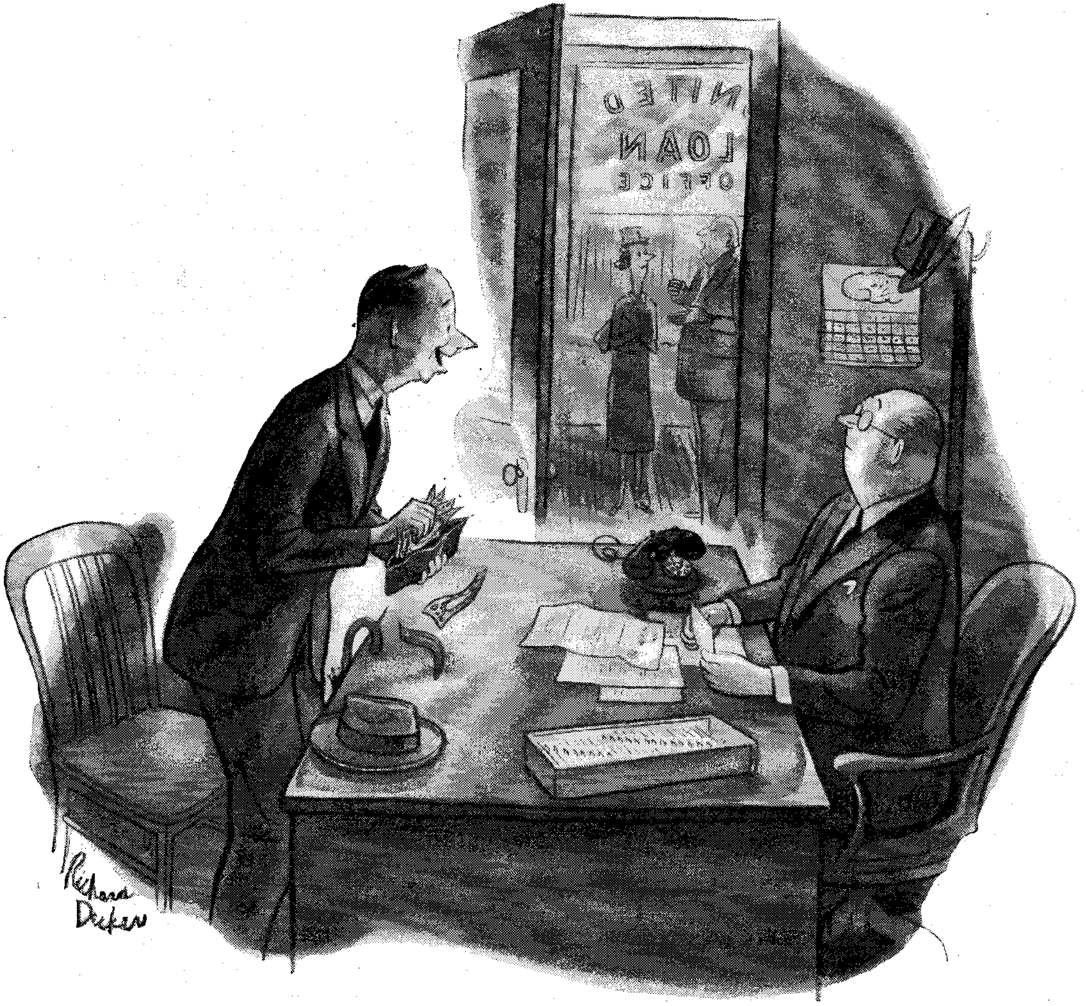
Pope owes his interest in Persia to two aunts, sisters of his father, who lived in Boston and were unusually progressive. They were among the first five or six lady doctors in this country. Refused admittance to Harvard in the late eighteen-sixties, they picked up some scientific lore from a couple of local druggists and went to Vienna and Paris, where they gave a series of rather spectacular soirées and studied medicine on the side. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, they were living in Paris. Although the American Minister told them to leave, they stayed on through the siege of Paris, during which they ate horse meat and caught smallpox, then treated each other. At the height of one skirmish, they drove a horse and buggy between the lines at the Place de la Concorde and stopped the show. Both sides ceased fire and came out to the buggy for a chat. The sisters invited everyone to a horse-meat party the following evening and drove off, after which the firing recommenced. The story was given prominence in quite a few papers at home and abroad. In the course of their travels, the sisters acquired a number of Persian rugs. These were later to arouse the imagination of their young nephew and lay the foundation for the cultural renaissance of Persia.

Other members of Pope's family also made their mark. His uncle, Albert Pope, was a famous bicycle manufacturer and had, besides, risen to the rank of brigadier general during the Civil War at the rather early age of twenty-three. Pope's mother was in the first class at Wellesley, and his father was a Baptist clergyman. His father died of overwork and frustration as a result of trying to organize a choral society in a region noted for its monotones. As a child, Pope was sickly but dogged. Up to his fifth year, he spent most of his time brooding, but after that, to get his mind off his ailments, he struck out in several directions. Among other activities, he built some highly artistic ship models and started doing research in acoustics and interior decorating. Later on, he was to use this knowledge in solving the acoustical difficulties of the San Francisco Opera House and in decorating a Western hotel whose manager had a Persian turn of mind. Before the boy was ten, he was mildly celebrated as a bird walker and was beginning to show signs of musical genius. Pope was scheduled to give a piano concert at a music school in Newburyport when he was thirteen, but the proprietor unexpectedly sold the school and called the concert off. Soon after this, Pope enrolled in the Worcester Academy and temporarily gave the piano up. At prep school he was a champion debater and active in sports, although his health was still uncertain. As a rule, the youngster turned up for track meets carrying a number of tonics and other medications. Taking a nip of Scott's Emulsion every few hundred yards, he would run the mile, and then have a pull at his extract of rhubarb and throw the discus. He once managed a neat victory in the high hurdles while wearing a big mustard plaster. At Brown, where Pope went after Worcester, he was also athletic, winning his letter in both track and baseball. At this time too, he took up bicycle racing. Pope's Uncle Albert, the bicycle king, had taught him to ride at the age of six, and the boy developed powerful muscles in his legs. Altogether, he won twenty-three races out of twenty-four, dropping the one during a bad case of grippe.

When Pope graduated from Brown, in 1904, he was kept on as an instructor in philosophy. He taught there two years and then resigned to do graduate work at Cornell and Harvard, after which he returned to Brown for a year or so and then became an assistant professor in philosophy at the University of California. He stayed there seven years and then moved on to Amherst. While Pope was teaching school, he began to look into the subject of liberalism. He believes today that he has always had a liberal spirit but that it took association with the liberal minds in the universities to nourish it. As a boy, he had often defended the colored children of his neighborhood; by the time he reached Amherst, he was ready for other depressed groups. For a while he devoted himself to the Irish, who he felt were being bullied by the English, and then he switched over to India. After we entered the World War, Pope temporarily abandoned his uplift and went to work for the Army as a civilian. His job was to make speeches to high-ranking officers instructing them how to judge men for promotions. The War Department had decided that such a course was advisable when it discovered that one general had been basing all his promotions on palmistry and another had simply advanced the men who looked well in their uniforms. The General Staff tried to put Pope in a uniform, but he successfully resisted, contending that if he wore it badly a lot of the generals would go to sleep during his speeches.

In New York, after the war, Pope wanted to resume his elevation of the minorities, but he was unable to decide which was the most submerged. Consequently, he organized a group called the League of Oppressed Peoples and figured that he would hoist them all up. He also tried to interest President Wilson in letting him arrange what to do about the countries that had stayed neutral during the war, but the President had other plans. By this time—the early twenties—Pope had also begun to think seriously about Persia. He says that his aunts' rugs had been on his mind all along but that he had been too busy to give them much attention. It suddenly occurred to him that the Persians were just as submerged as anybody else, and maybe more. The realization electrified him. Before long he could see his destiny: he would concentrate on Persia and let the rest of the world more or less shift for itself. To carry out this one-man rescue of a sunken nation would, of course, require capital. Having financed himself on several speaking tours as chairman of the League, during which the monetary response was notably sluggish, Pope had just enough cash left to pay his next month's rent, lacking eight dollars. Something had to be done. His solution was forthright and ingenious. He decided to bone up and hang out his shingle as an adviser on the purchase of Persian and other Islamic objects of art. He emerged somewhat rapidly as an expert on the East, but this does not imply that his counsel was suspect. On the contrary, he was probably better informed on the subject than any other man in the country by the time he set up shop. With characteristic zeal, he had gone through all the literature on Oriental culture and talked to everybody he could find who had been to the Orient or knew somebody who had. His business was brisk, and his clients were unanimously pleased with his advice. Acting for some of the wealthiest people in the country, he bought things like rugs, tapestry, and pottery, and he got fees ranging up to ten thousand dollars. Dr. Ackerman joined him in the counsellor service. During the war, she had been the first secretary of the Third Assistant Secretary of War and had had a lot to do with the administration of conscientious objectors. If a concert violinist, say, had sent word to his draft board that he believed in fiddling but not in fighting, Dr. Ackerman saw that his case was investigated thoroughly.

By 1925, when Pope made his first trip to Persia, he and the Doctor had an enviable standing as authorities on the East and Near East. In a general way, they split up the available culture, Pope devoting himself largely to art, architecture, and history, and the Doctor concentrating on textiles and iconography. It would



"Thank you very, very much. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

be difficult to say which of them is the better expert on rugs. The Doctor says that her husband has no equal in this field, but he demurs. "The fact is," he says, "I yield with no hesitation, none whatever. Oh, I know what that woman can do. It's bewildering to watch." Dr. Ackerman has indeed done spectacular work in the rug line, as well as in tapestries and textiles. There was the case, when they were in England, of one tapestry that she suspected was of Flemish origin, around the fifteenth century. After going over it on her hands and knees with a large magnifying glass, she announced that she had found the name Piat Van Roome cleverly hidden in the design, adding that at times it used to be forbidden in Belgium for a tapestry maker to sign his product. To check up on this name, Dr. Ackerman hurried to the British Museum and got to work. After much digging, she found what she was looking for—an ancient bill, in the household accounts of some forgotten Duke of Burgundy, for several tapestries woven by one Piat Van Roome. It is this kind of detection that has established the Popes' reputation for infallibility. They never render a decision unless they are positive. At the Institute, Dr. Ackerman does a lot of weaving herself, and always works her maiden name, Phyllis Ackerman, and the date boldly into the design. "There will be no crawling and snooping through *my* things," she says. "They're as clear as the nose on your face." Dr. Ackerman is bringing out a book this summer which, according to one scholar, is "the most extraordinary performance in the humanities of the twentieth century." It is to be called "Early Ritual Arts of China" and will demonstrate that many of the primitive Chinese arts were actually of western Asiatic origin. "She has cracked the code," Pope says darkly. "That's all I can tell you. But it's going to shake some of our concepts to their foundations."

THE war has halted the Institute's expeditions but has perhaps stepped up its other activities. Pope in particular has been hard pressed of late. He has just supervised a number of projects for the Army, among them a lengthy pamphlet on Japanese psychological warfare. To do this job, a research staff went through several hundred Japanese books and documents. Pope thinks this pamphlet will pretty well put the Japs in their place if the Army uses it right. He has also broadcast in several languages to peoples abroad and performed numerous confidential services for the various war agencies. He and Dr. Ackerman have written around a hundred articles on Persia for the next edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. When Pope consented to act as adviser on Persia for the Britannica, he considered its material thoroughly inaccurate, so he rewrote the articles from beginning to end. Since then he has periodically rewritten his own articles, because he always feels obliged to alter anything he reads about Persia, no matter who wrote it. Pope does a lot of other writing, much of it to the editors of newspapers. His letters-to-the-editor are on a variety of subjects, and usually indignant. The *Times* once made the mistake of comparing Hitler to Darius, the Persian conqueror, who is Pope's favorite historical character. The director retaliated with a literary barrage of spectacular ferocity, all of which the *Times* obligingly printed. On other occasions he has taken violent exception to Eddie Rickenbacker's conservative views on labor, and to ignorance, France, misunderstanding, critics of Omar Khayyám, ill will, folly, and dog bite. Newspaper readers who follow his letters believe that the apex of his efforts to date was a shattering rebuttal he wrote to a letter in the *Times* by John Dewey, attacking the pro-Russian flavor of Ambassador Davies' "Mission to Moscow." The reaction to Pope's contribution was so intense that he remarked later, with some bitterness, "If I'm remembered by posterity, it will be as the Professor Whosis who wrote that letter against John Dewey."

The newspapers enjoy hearing from Pope. His letters are spirited and eloquent, and they generally stir up a satisfactory racket. He is in great demand as a speaker. Although he prefers to talk about his specialty, he accepts engagements to speak on other topics. Two years ago he delivered the annual Lincoln's Day address at Cooper Union. It ran a little over an hour and a half, and was mostly about Lincoln, with various side trips into the East. "And what of aristocratic Iran, the

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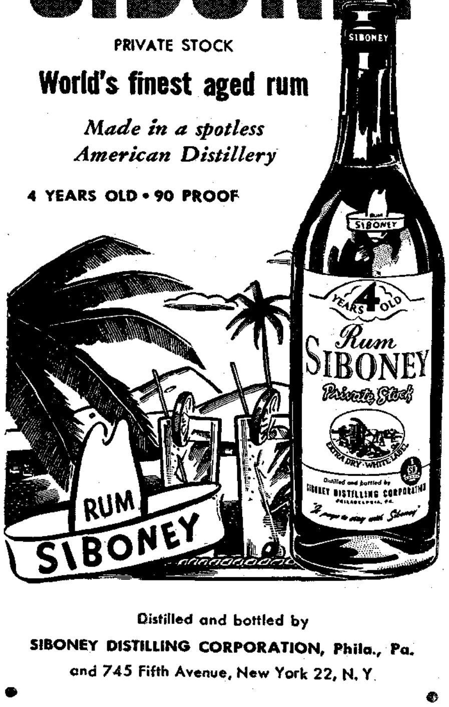

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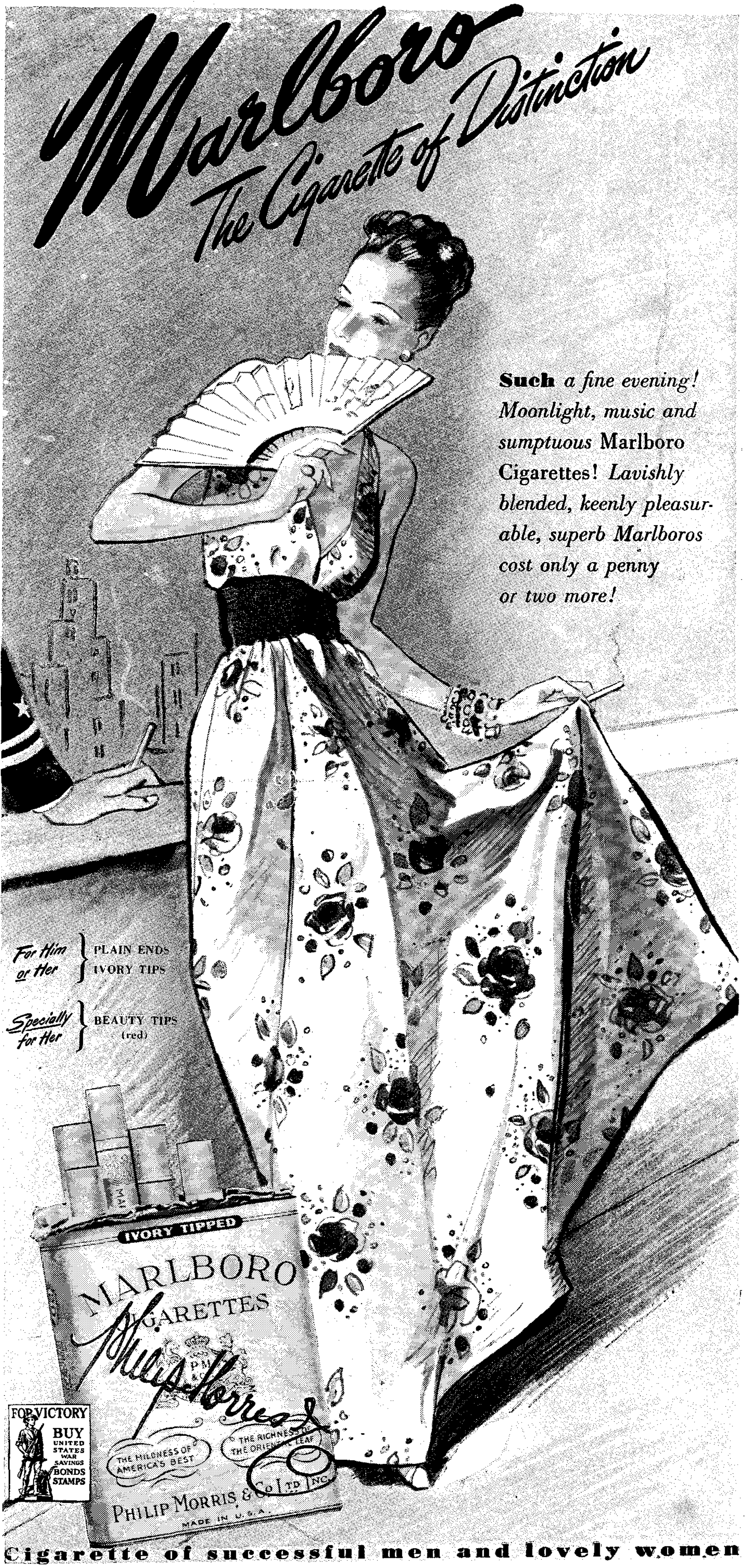

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land of legend, of romance, of mighty monarchs and warriors, of great poets and artists?" Pope asked at one point. And at another he said, "Lincoln knew no Arabs, but he would have enjoyed meeting them, and they would have recognized him as a great sheik." Several people who heard the speech observed later that it was a novel Lincoln's Day offering, and presented the Great Emancipator in a rather Oriental light.

Aside from their work, Pope and Dr. Ackerman live a quiet life at their apartment in the Institute. They accept few social engagements, preferring to stay home and think about Persia. To help keep their minds on that country, they have five Persian cats, which frequently create lively situations around the Institute. The cats seem unusually restless and are often found in desk drawers, in the hats of students, and swinging from the chandeliers. They also have a tendency to climb up on the slide projectors and get in the light beam, which gives an erroneous impression of Persian art. Pope recently started taking piano lessons, in an effort to reawaken the musical spirit he had when he almost gave the concert at Newburyport. He practices an hour every evening, and has now worked up to playing the slow movement of a Mozart concerto. He plays well, but he says that he gets winded easily. There can be no doubt that Pope will master the concerto. Since boyhood, he has been winning through when all around him stronger men were falling. Typical of this tenacity was the 1930 expedition to Persia. "By the end of May we were in the field and ready to begin digging," the director wrote in the Institute's bulletin. "We dug all the month of June, and then broke off work for the summer, on account of heat and malaria. When we reached Teheran our entire staff, with one exception, had to be sent to the hospital for a fortnight." The exception, of course, was Pope. He had been in favor of digging on through the summer.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Pope.)

•

Possibly the conditions revealed by this incident help explain why into the hands of the Americans the Germans preferred to fall rather than of the Russians.—*Kansas City Star.*

Let's see, how did Longfellow put it—"Into each American hand some German must fall, Some days must be dark and Russian."

INFORMATION AND EDUCATION

I MET Smitty at Schofield Barracks, in Oahu. He and I had cots in a section full of the wildest and noisiest soldiers I've ever seen. They were wild even for headquarters men. They went around after taps banging mess kits, turning the lights on and off, and hollering things like "There will be work in the pineapple fields for all enlisted men tomorrow!" I noticed Smitty because he took no part in these demonstrations and in fact seemed unaware of them. I also noticed that he seemed to have a great deal of free time, which he spent in sleeping or writing letters. One night, while he was busy on a letter, he came over to my cot and asked me how to spell "inevitable." We talked for a bit and after that we became friendly. We went to chow together and at night we went to the post movies or walked down to the big bowl to see a basketball game or the fights. I found out that he was from Brooklyn and had been in the Army since the first draft. He had an open, innocent face and long eyelashes. He also had a partial plate, and when he spoke, he made a slight whistling sound. He was an amusing companion and knew more gossip about the officers and men than anybody else in the headquarters. I was curious about his status, but he said that he was on a duty platoon and let it go at that. One morning, while we were walking across the quadrangle to breakfast, he asked me if I would like an Army-issue wrist watch.

"Sure," I said, "but they go to the first three graders only, don't they?"

He looked at me. "I got some connections in supply," he said. "Used to work there." I got the watch. I also got, in quick succession, a flashlight, an extra pair of combat boots, and a brand-new pair of coveralls—no questions asked, and the only favor Smitty ever requested was occasional help in spelling. He was trying, he told me, to get rid of a Wave who was pursuing him by mail and he figured that the more big words he used the faster he could shake her.

When our headquarters finally left Honolulu for the Okinawa operation, Smitty and I went on different ships, and, to tell the truth, I forgot about him in the first exciting days after we landed. About two weeks after L Day he walked into my tent. He was wearing his steel helmet and cartridge belt and carrying his rifle. He was covered with dust and needed a shave, but the guilelessness was still in his face. "I been up to the front," he said, sitting down on my cot.

I stared at him. None of my section had been out of the C.P. area since we had landed. The M.P.s were tough on stragglers.

"I knew a guy," he explained. "You want some souvenirs?"

Before I could answer he produced some bloodstained Japanese currency and a snapshot of a Japanese soldier.

"Took 'em off a dead gook," he said. "Keep 'em. I got plenty."

He told me his outfit was bivouacked near ours and that he would see me soon. The next time he paid me a visit he was scrubbed and shaved and looked more than ever like a healthy altar boy.

"How you fixed on rations?" he asked after we had swapped the usual Army shoptalk.

I shrugged.

"I'm guarding one of the dumps down the road. I know a couple of guys."

He was back the next night with cans of turkey, salmon, and beans and a box of tropical-chocolate bars. I asked him if he wanted any help with his correspondence.

"You mean that Wave? I ditched her. Wrote her I was gettin' a discharge under the point system and goin' back to my wife and kids."

I didn't see him again for about five days. Then he walked into my section tent. He winked at me and told the technical sergeant in charge he had come to patch the tent.

I went outside with him. He had three men patching the rips in the tent.

"Big-time operator now," he told me. "That duty platoon was gettin' too rugged—diggin' latrines, puttin' up tents, haulin' supplies from the beach. So I gave the captain a snow job and he put me in charge of this detail. We get through around three every day."

The next time I met Smitty he was wearing corporal's stripes. I congratulated him and asked him how the tent-patching business was.

"I'm promoted from that deal," he said. "These jokers started calling me up every time it rained to go down and patch some colonel's or some major's tent. I was losing a lot of sleep."

I asked what his new assignment was.

"Sprayin' latrines. We go around with little cans on our back and spray some chemical all over. Five men un-

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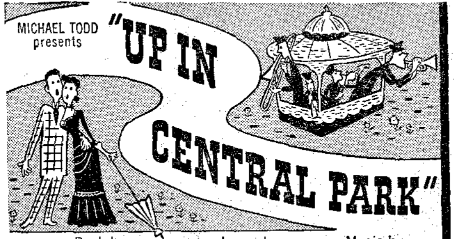
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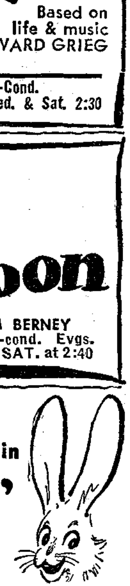
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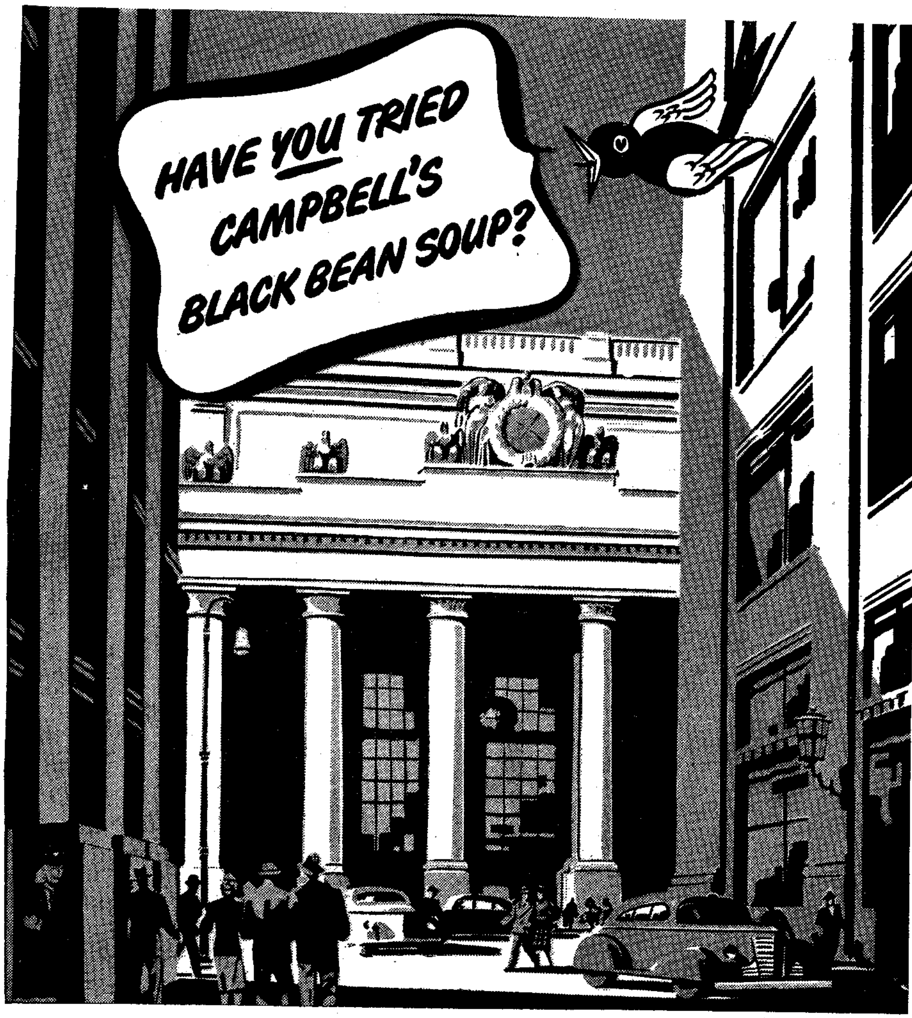
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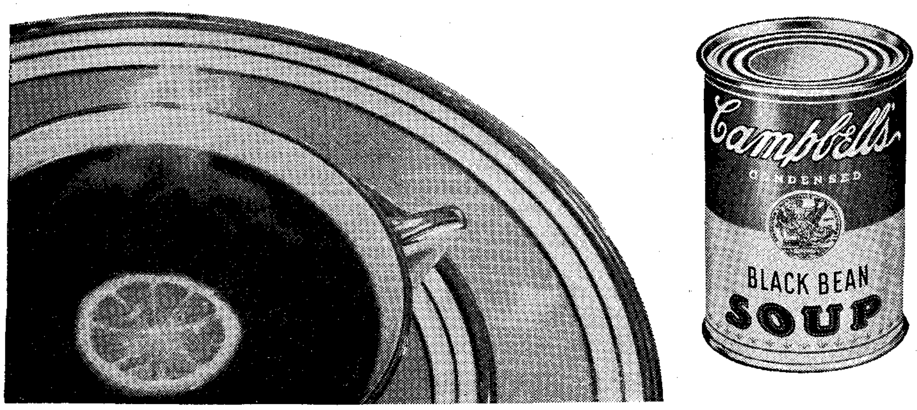

der me, so I get plenty of sack time."

The latrine-spraying detail didn't last very long. A few days later I saw Smitty and a squad of men wandering around some cane fields near my area. They were carrying ropes and switches cut from the shrubbery. I called Smitty and he came over.

"What the hell are you doing now?" I asked him. "Did you run out of latrines?"

"Got a better job," he said. "I'm in charge of the goat detail."

"The *what?*"

"You know all them little white Okinawan goats you see all around? I got ten guys under me and we go round and lasso the goats and bring 'em down to the Military Government stockade. We also got a truck to ourselves and I took a couple of rides around the island."

I told him to carry on and went my way. I didn't see him again for a week. General Stilwell arrived for a tour of the front and we were all busy trying to get a glimpse of that famous old campaign hat. The next night, Smitty dropped in for a chat. "I'm guardin' Vinegar Joe," he announced.

I might have known it. I waited patiently for more.

"You seen him?" he asked.

"I saw the back of his head once."

"You know that old campaign hat he wears, that job like the ones they had in the last war? When he was eatin' supper with the old man last night, I went in his tent and tried it on. It fit pretty good."

Of late I haven't seen much of Smitty. When I bumped into him in the chow line the other day, I discovered the reason.

"Got a new setup," he told me. "The captain got sore and kicked Wintergreen out of Special Service. I gave him another snow job and I'm in there now."

The line moved an inch.

"I got charge of the bats and balls and boxin' gloves, but on the side I take care of the I. and E. work."

"What kind of work?"

"I. and E.—Information and Education. You know. I keep the guys informed on what's goin' on."

"They couldn't have picked a better man," I said. —WILLIAM MAY

•

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[*Headline in the Monterey* (*Cal.*) *Peninsula-Herald*]

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AUTOPSY REVEALS

ning-tower hatches so that they couldn't be closed. When he had finished his job, it would have been impossible to put the submarine into a dive without flooding its interior. This precaution was taken against the possibility of the Germans' having a second thought about surrendering.

ACCOMPANIED by the submarine's captain, the executive officer, and several enlisted men from the boarding party, Lieutenant White descended into the sub. When he appeared below, every German in sight stiffened to attention. White ordered them to remain where they were and to fold their arms across their chests. "Have you jettisoned your ammunition?" White asked Seidel. It was one of the surrender requirements that this be done. "Yes," said the German, leading the way to the magazine, which was empty. A thorough search disclosed that the sub's supply of torpedo detonators, without which torpedoes won't explode, had also been disposed of as ordered. There were fourteen torpedoes aboard, equipped with an acoustic device that steered them to a ship by reacting to the sound of the ship's propellers. Ordinarily, subs of the U-805 type set out with sixteen torpedoes. White asked what had been done with the two others. This astonished the Nazis; they hadn't realized the Americans were so well informed about details. "We had no more," Seidel said. "We left Trondheim with this number." White was skeptical, but he never learned anything more. To make the sub a safe companion for the Otter and Varian on the way to port, White ordered the torpedo-tube breeches locked open so that the projectiles in them could not be fired. Even though the torpedoes couldn't explode, they could easily perforate the hull of a destroyer escort.

Perhaps the most important member of White's inspection party was a third-class torpedoman, R. V. O'Neil, a short, slender, nineteen-year-old North Carolinian. He is a demolition expert, and it was his job to find any explosive charges that might have been concealed anywhere about the sub to scuttle it. O'Neil knows plenty about scuttling submarines. Not long before D Day, he was one of six hundred specialists who landed on the French port of Brest with orders to destroy as many enemy installations as possible. He concentrated on the harbor area, where he put twenty-one submarines out of commission. With Lieutenant White, Ber-

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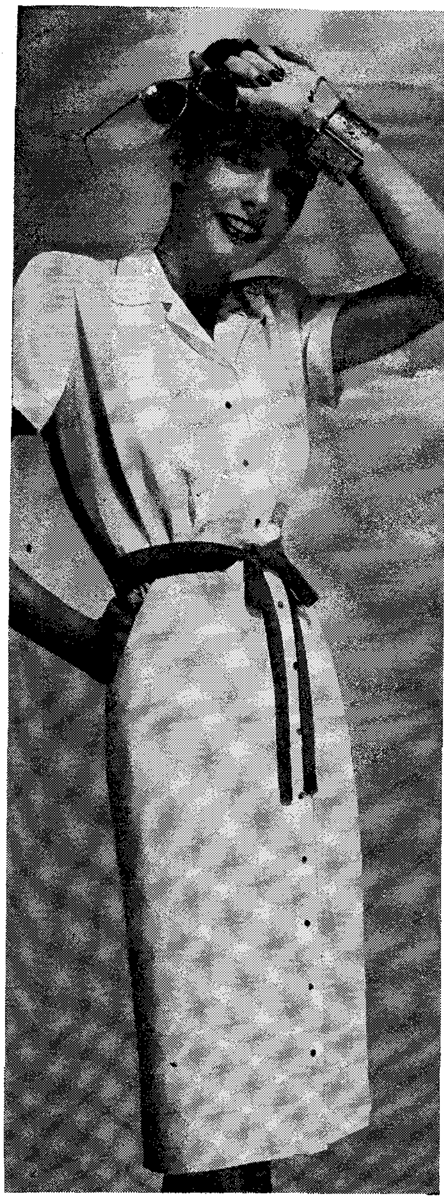

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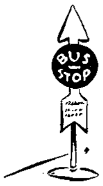
nadelli, and Seidel looking over his shoulder much of the time, O'Neil made a minute four-hour search of the interior. He went methodically from bow to stern, scrutinizing bulkheads, sounding them with his fists, and searching their surfaces for recent welds. He paid particular attention to the engine room and its complicated machinery, and he followed all electrical circuits along their entire length to be sure that nothing was attached to the wires which would explode when the submarine got under way.

While this inspection was going on, other members of the boarding party searched the seven Nazi officers and forty-seven enlisted men aboard, including Bernadelli, Seidel, and a medical lieutenant commander who had made the trip to study the effects upon the crew of long periods of submersion, made possible by a ventilating apparatus called the Schnorkel, which the Germans introduced toward the end of the war. Every man was found to be carrying at least one poniard with an eight-inch blade; a large machinist carried three—one tucked under his belt, one in a shoulder sheath, and one in his right boot. These weapons were confiscated. Thirteen of the Germans, including the medical officer, were hostile. They refused to be searched or to hold their hands up when ordered. They were made to comply at gun point. When the whaleboat arrived with the second half of the boarding party, White sent these thirteen back to the Otter, on the theory that they were dangerous troublemakers. If subsequent talk aboard the submarine was true, the medical officer had been the ringleader in a movement to disregard the surrender order and risk a return to Norway. After the departure of the recalcitrants, Commander Bernadelli said, through Seidel, "I give my word there will be no further trouble. The other men know the fight is useless and that we are finished." "We'll see," White said.

WHEN O'Neil announced that it was safe to start the submarine, White went up to the conning tower and told his communications officer to pass the word along to the Otter, together with a suggestion that, to conserve the sub's fuel, their speed be held down to about ten knots for the 820-mile journey which lay ahead. The Otter O.K.'d this proposal and told White to get under way when ready, which he did at once. The three craft headed southwest, with the Otter and the Varian riding a few hundred yards on either side of the sub.

Throughout most of the slow trip in, White stood on the conning tower and trimmed the bow planes, keeping the sub's nose down in the heavy-running sea. It was cold and wet up there. Hour after hour, water struck the conning tower in sheets, battering the men and running down the open hatches to soak those on watch directly below. At night the Otter and the Varian kept searchlights trained on the sub. For eighty hours, White never left his post aloft except for short periodic inspections below. With him all this time was the communications officer, who every half hour checked with the Otter. Food was brought up to them.

J. E. Gerskin, a tall, slender, young electrician's mate from Michigan, was in charge of the engine room, assisted by a member of the German crew named Ulmer, who at first professed to know no English. Gerskin, who knows no German, found much of the submarine's machinery strange to him and took to conversing with his helper about it by drawing pictures. Like most of the Germans aboard, Ulmer turned out to know more English than he admitted at the start. Toward the end of the journey he told Gerskin that while he had been at sea on a previous tour of duty, his mother and father had spent three months in a concentration camp for listening to the foreign radio. "I like submarines, but I don't feel like a Nazi," Ulmer said. Before Gerskin left the submarine, Ulmer made him a present of a dagger that he had successfully secreted during the search.



The Germans were made to clean up the submarine, which was filthy. Dirty rags and clothing were all over the place. The Germans hadn't bothered to throw out their empty tin cans and the odor of decay was strong and penetrating. It was two days before the ship was even moderately clean. As had been their custom before the surrender, the Germans ate whenever they felt like it. By our standards, their food was unappetizing. It consisted of potatoes, bread made mostly of a strange, gritty substance that looked like sawdust, tasteless coffee made from a powder, and canned salmon, tuna, and halibut. However, their butter, which was canned, seemed superior to ours. The Germans had a cook who functioned in a small galley equipped with an electric refrigerator and two electric hot plates; it was as filthy as the rest of the craft. The Americans had brought their own cook, a twenty-four-year-old Californian named A. J. Cattera. He lost no time in naming the German cook Charlie, and forcing him to tidy up. The German was a big, dull, obedient fellow, who could speak a little English. He called Cattera, "Oscar, sir."

Early in their acquaintance, the German cook asked Cattera, "When do we reach Japan, Oscar, sir?" As on every other ship in the world, there had been an endless supply of rumors. The most persistent one was that, upon surrender, the U-boat and all its crew would proceed to Japanese home waters immediately and would be used by us to attack Japan. Cattera told Charlie that they were not going to Japan but to the United States. "That's too bad," said Charlie, shaking his head. "It would be wonderful to get into the war now, like Argentina. We would like to fight the Japanese. We do not love them. Ah, Oscar, sir, when we were dying, we took any help we could."

When members of the boarding party went off duty, they would find as clean a spot as possible on the interior deck, curl up in a blanket, and go to sleep. They avoided the bunks of the Germans, some of whom, they soon discovered, were as dirty as their submarine. A few of them even had lice in their eyebrows. When the Germans weren't working, they lay in their bunks, which had no blankets but were equipped with a pad of green rubberized fabric and a pillow of the same material. Over the bunks were numerous glossy prints of wholesome, blond pin-up girls. The pictures had a mass-produced look, as if they might have been furnished by the government.

Once the submarine was under way, Commander Bernadelli was given permission to retire to his cabin, a cubicle separated from the wardroom by a curtain and containing a bunk, desk, chair, and bookshelf. On the desk was a framed photograph of a young, flat-faced submarine commander who had forty ships to his credit and was a hero among Doenitz's men. Bernadelli spent most of the trip in his cabin with the curtain drawn, presumably musing over the finale to his naval career. He was a staid fellow of twenty-nine, and had been in the Nazi Navy five years. There was no question that the impact of the surrender on him had been great, for this ship was his first command and it was the ship's maiden voyage. As the trip progressed, the Americans were astonished to learn that the short his-

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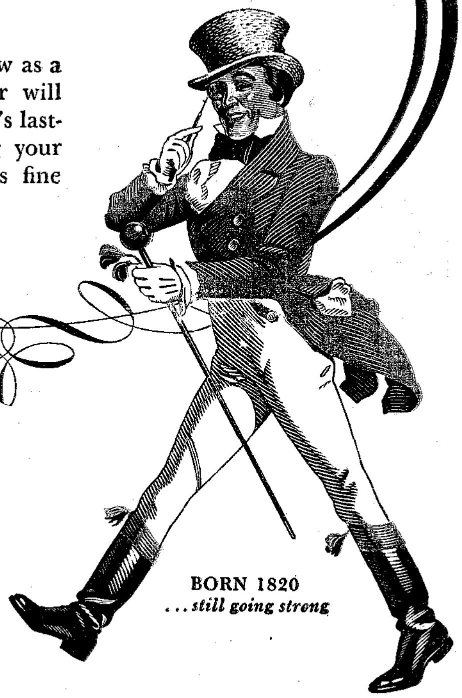

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SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

tory of the U-805 included a previous brush with the Otter.

According to members of the German crew, the submarine's keel was laid at Swinemünde, in north Germany, in 1943. She took eighteen months to complete, as construction was delayed by Allied bombings. Then came a shakedown cruise, after which she set out from Trondheim on her first and last mission. Of the three months she was at sea, two were spent submerged with the aid of the Schnorkel ventilating device. For two weeks during March of this year the sub prowled the waters of Long Island Sound. Having no luck there, she returned to the North Atlantic, where she joined four other subs that were cruising as a wolf pack. She was a part of this group when it attacked a convoy just before the end of the war, sinking the U.S.S. Frederick C. Davis, a destroyer escort, which went down with a heavy loss of life. The Davis was the last United States warship to be lost in the Atlantic. The Otter was helping to protect this same convoy. During the counterattack which followed, the U-805 was once so close to the Otter that the officer at her periscope was able to read the man-of-war's bow numbers. The submarine that hit the Davis was sunk, and the going was rough on all the others. The U-805 dived to her maximum depth of six hundred feet. There depth charges knocked out her lighting system, which was later repaired.

Commander Bernadelli left his cabin for the first time on the morning of the fourteenth, two full days after he had entered it. He climbed up to the conning tower, where White, Seidel, and the communications officer were standing. He looked shy and embarrassed as he smiled briefly and then, after a moment of hesitation, walked to the seat on the starboard side of the conning tower, the one traditionally reserved for the commanding officer. There he paused and said something to the executive officer, Seidel. Seidel turned to White. "The captain would like permission to sit in your seat, Herr Lieutenant," he said. White nodded his acquiescence and Bernadelli climbed into the seat. White, dead tired after fifty hours of sleepless vigil, relaxed a little after this incident, realizing that in this way the captain had showed he knew who was running the ship. Bernadelli sat in the seat all morning, practically motionless, gazing out over the sea.

Standing there in the conning tower that morning, White and Seidel chatted a bit to kill time. Seidel said he had gone to the Olympic games in Berlin in 1936. "How is your great runner, Jesse Owens?" he asked. "He isn't running any more," White replied. "He's too old." Other questions followed about whether Al Capone was still alive and about the status of Tom Mix and Deanna Durbin. "We make movies in our country, too," said Seidel. "Yes," said White, "I've seen some." "You have!" exclaimed Seidel. He was pleased; he seemed to think that some sort of cultural bond had been forged. Bernadelli asked White a question in German, which Seidel translated. "The captain wants to know who is President now that Roosevelt is dead." White told him Truman. The Germans had never heard of him. They said his name over and over, appraising the sound. Seidel had an amazing nautical knowledge of the American east coast; he talked glibly about the lighthouses and marine markers, even the obscure ones. "How is New York Harbor?" he asked White. "Still as crowded as ever? I hear they're having to dredge Buttermilk Channel to keep the lanes open." He looked pleased with himself.

One of the Americans asked Captain Bernadelli if he had considered the possibilities of holding out and turning pirate. To this, with Seidel's help, he replied very seriously, "I have been a Nazi and a hard-working naval officer, but I am no fool." Just then the German navigator popped aloft with a large, well-creased map of the United States. "Please," he said to White, "where are the Indians living now?"

AT noon, on the fourth day, the three ships were thirty-seven miles off Portsmouth. Here they were met by two Coast Guard cutters that carried a relief boarding party to take the U-805 into Portsmouth. The Otter and Varian were to go south to Boston. Seidel had his crew out on deck and lined up at attention when the new party came aboard. Captain Bernadelli stayed on the conning tower. When White and his group were ready to return to the Otter, Seidel came up to him and saluted. "Goodbye, Herr Lieutenant," Seidel said. "You have been very generous with us." White returned the salute and said goodbye.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*]

FEEBLEMINDED SCHOOL
COMMISSION NAMED

OF ALL THINGS

Admiral Halsey's warships have been shelling cities on the coast of Honshu without any interference from the Japanese Navy. Apparently the Imperial Fleet has no intention of being dragged into this cruel and senseless war.

•

The United Nations Security Charter has been approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with only one dissenting vote. Naturally, that was cast by Hiram Johnson, who does not believe that we should have any foreign relations.

•

Newspapermen are not allowed to attend the Big Three conference at Potsdam. The authorities seem to feel that this triangle story is not suitable for reporters' tender ears.

•

Eisenhower and Montgomery have ordered a relaxation of the rule against fraternization with the Germans. Allied soldiers will now be allowed to talk to the fräuleins in their well-known fraternal way.

•

King Leopold says that he will not give up the Belgian throne. However, he will remain in Austria for the present, in the hope that absence will make his people's hearts grow fonder.

•

Viscount Wavell announces with regret that the Simla conference has broken down because of a fresh attack of that old Moslem-Hindu trouble. Every time the boys got together to talk politics, it seems, they started arguing about religion.

•

New Yorkers are still trying to carry on a miserable existence without newspapers. There are many pitiful reports of citizens who could find nothing to curl up with except a good book.

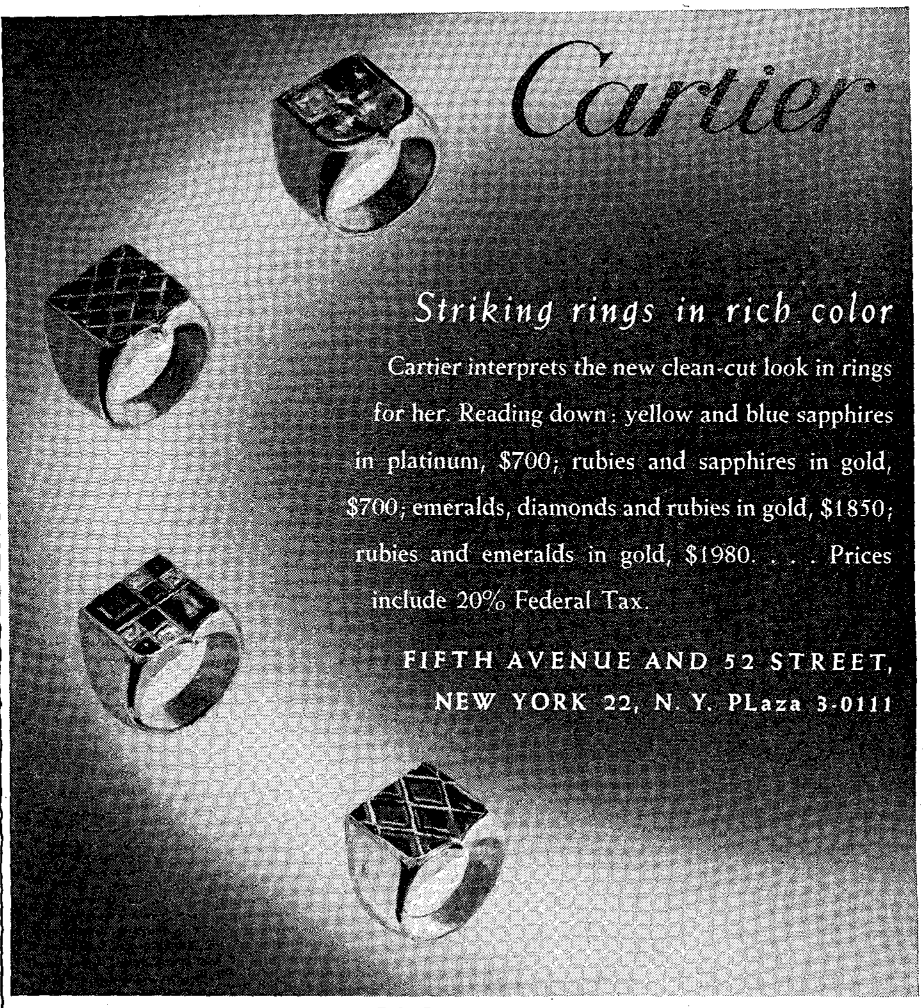
•

Unprecedented numbers of tourists are arriving in New York from various points in Europe. These travellers agree that they have seen enough picturesque ruins to last them a lifetime.

•

Householders are glad to hear that butter has been reduced to sixteen points a pound. The O.P.A. ordered this cut, of course, because of the grave shortage of margarine.

—Howard Brubaker



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John Erskine
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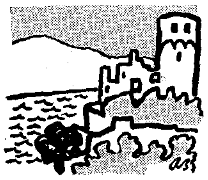
Sir Cedric Hardwicke

LETTER FROM HEIDELBERG

JULY 10 (BY WIRELESS)

THE German population of Heidelberg was about 85,000 before the war, but today it is around 125,000, and in addition there are our occupational forces and some 6,000 male Russian displaced persons. The increase in the number of Germans is accounted for by the fact that 40,000 bombed-out refugees from Mannheim, a dozen miles away, have moved to Heidelberg, pushing the little wagons stuffed with bedding and furniture that are to be seen these days on every German highway. The increase in population has not, of course, improved the food situation. Heidelbergers are getting a little less than one thousand calories a day and look it. The Russian displaced persons get at least twice as much and they look it; they've been working as service troops for the Americans and our officers have nothing but praise for them.



As a city of great industrial importance, Mannheim, with nearly 300,000 inhabitants, was terrificly clobbered by the R.A.F. and by our Eighth and Ninth Air Forces; Heidelberg, as a hospital town and a place of no industrial importance, was spared, except for its railroad station. However, each time Mannheim was bombed, the bombers and the P-47s would rendezvous over Heidelberg, which kept the residents popping in and plodding out of their cellars day and night for years. Life must have seemed one continual air-raid alarm. Most of the citizens still become jumpy every time they hear a plane.

The backdrop of Heidelberg is the same as it was before the war, but the cast is different. The castle, ruined with such beautiful effect by the French in the seventeenth century and restored in part so hideously by the Germans in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is still the same romantic sight from afar and the same piece of trash close up. It is occupied by a squad of Puerto Ricans from the Ninth Infantry Regiment, and hundreds of G.I. tourists are shown through it daily by a native guide who speaks Katzenjammer English. The apathetic looks leave their faces when they see in the cellar the great tun which once held forty-nine thousand gallons of wine.

When the Sixty-Third Division was advancing on Heidelberg, the town's Nazi Kreisleiter, or District Leader, Wilhelm Seiler, ordered the Old Bridge and New Bridge over the Neckar to Neuenheim blown up. Heidelbergers are bitter about the loss of the Old Bridge, which was built in the eighteenth century and was really handsome, but they are still talking of the speed with which our corps of engineers threw emergency replacements for both bridges across the river. *Beschlagnahmt*, German for "requisitioned," has become a G.I. word in Heidelberg. You will hear one soldier tell another that he has a certain pretty girl *beschlagnahmt* for that happy day the non-fraternization rule is repealed. Most of the university buildings have been *beschlagnahmt* by the Army. General Jacob L. Devers, who led our Seventh and the French First Armies up through France from the south and then into southern Germany, set up his Sixth Army Group Headquarters in several of these *beschlagnahmt* buildings.

Jeeps rush up and down the narrow Hauptstrasse; G.I.s play softball in the parks; Negro linemen in olive drab string telephone wires through the Odenwald evergreens. There is a post exchange in a building called the New University, which was built with money raised in America by Jacob Gould Schurman and which the Nazis garnished with gargoyles resembling helmeted Wehrmacht soldiers. All the hotels in town have been *beschlagnahmt*, and the Perkeo, a fine, old, oak-panelled restaurant, has become an officers' mess. For generations the Perkeo was patronized by the members of several prominent duelling fraternities, but it has now been years since a sabre-scarred student sat and drank beer there with his brightly colored cap on, for the Nazis put an end to all student fraternities and took over their fraternity houses. The bookshops, which used to be so splendid, have almost no stock and display mainly volumes on religion, art, and pure science that look as though they had been secreted under counters for the past dozen years. Heidelberg these days isn't much like "The Student Prince."

Our military government here consists of six officers and six enlisted men. A manufacturer named Heldt was court-martialled after five or six rifles were found buried in his garden and a shotgun was discovered behind a sliding panel in his house. He got six years in jail and was fined sixty thousand marks. Kreisleiter Seiler was most indignant at having to go to jail and took

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The Waldorf-Astoria

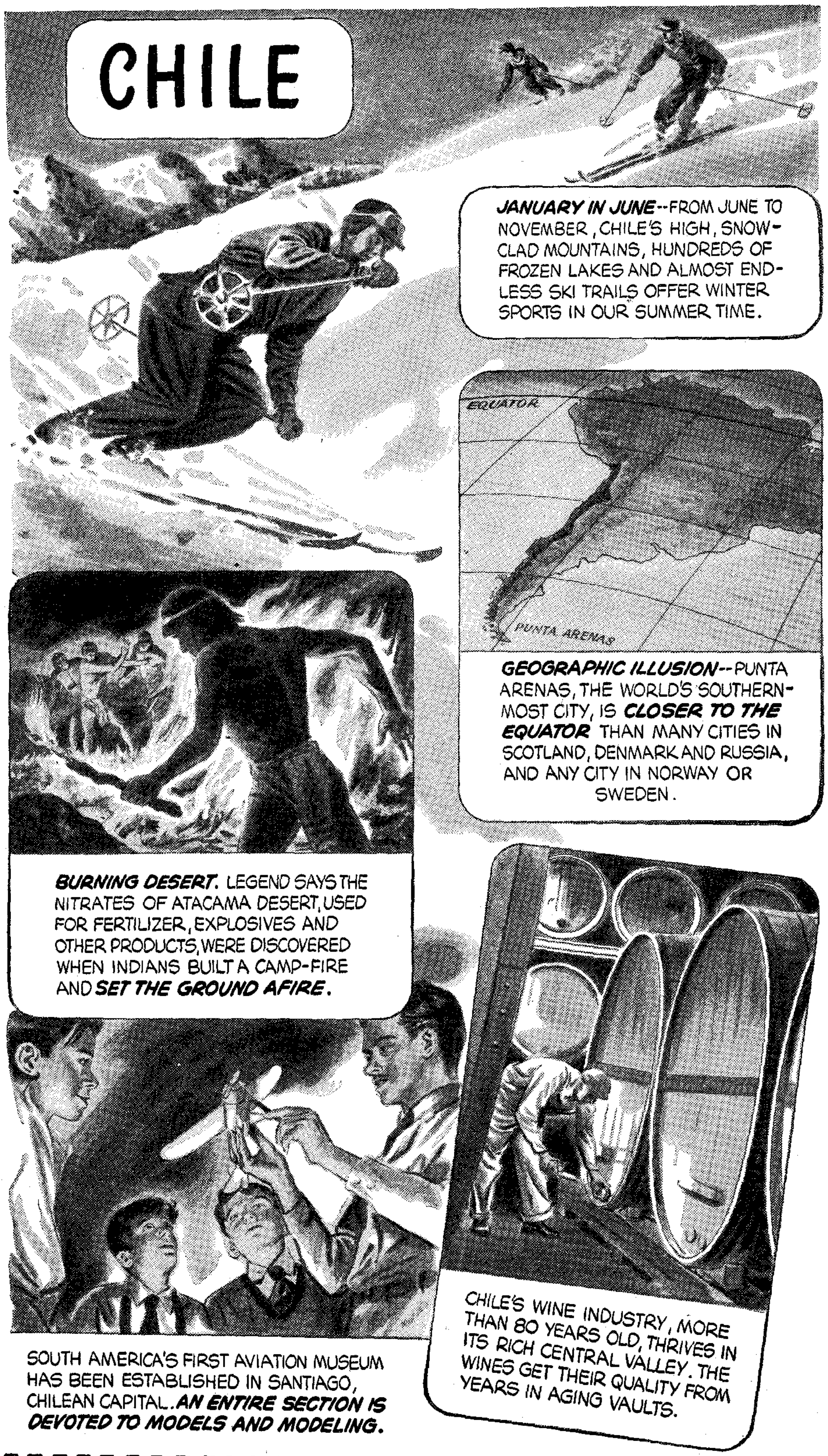
poison, but only enough of it to make him ill.

TWENTY years ago I was a *Bierstudent* at the University, and I used to play rugby with the *Rudergesellschaft Heidelberg*, or Heidelberg Rowing Association, which, despite its name, made more of rugby than it did of rowing. The team I played on got into the finals with Frankfurt for the German championship and would have won but for two mishaps. The first was that three minutes after the game began our captain was knocked out cold for what turned out to be seventy-two hours, and, since no substitutions are allowed in rugby, we had to play on with only fourteen men. At that, we led until three minutes before the end, when the second mishap occurred; namely, the beer to which I had been applying myself for months with such diligence suddenly began to tell, and our opponents whizzed past me for a couple of quick scores. In consequence, we didn't go to Oxford and play its junior varsity.

During the years since that memorable game, I have often thought of my former teammates, few of whom were University students. One fellow was a small furrier, another owned a bakery, a third was a newspaper reporter; in short, they were mostly *Kleinbürger*—small fry, of the sort that swarmed to Hitler in the hysteria of the depression—and I was sure that the Heidelberg Rowing Association had marched over to the Führer in a body. Thus it was somewhat gratifying when I looked up one of its members—the captain who got knocked out, as a matter of fact—and was told that, except for one man, my teammates had been cool to the blessings of the New Order. The exception had joined the S.S., but as he had been a third-team lout, it was felt that the Association's honor had not been seriously blemished.

My former teammate invited me to his home, where we had quite a talk about the old and not-so-old days. The Nazis, he told me, fostered an extensive sports program for the *Hitlerjugend*, but the sports consisted only of close-order drill, maneuvers, and small-arms practice. A real sport like rugby, he said, was out of the question because every Sunday all the playing fields were jammed with the faithful listening to some *Parteihund* make speeches, and weekdays they were full of *Hitlerjugend* and flying bullets. As a schoolteacher, my host had been compelled, he said, to join the Party in order to keep his job. Such a person is known as

Telephone Tours



JANUARY IN JUNE--FROM JUNE TO NOVEMBER, CHILE'S HIGH, SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS, HUNDREDS OF FROZEN LAKES AND ALMOST ENDLESS SKI TRAILS OFFER WINTER SPORTS IN OUR SUMMER TIME.

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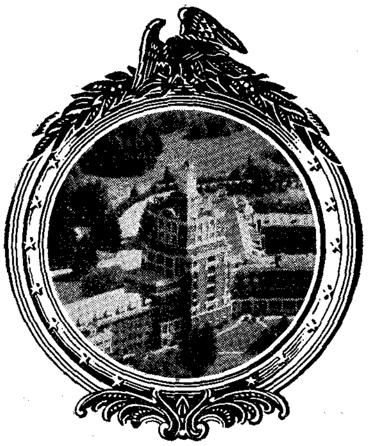

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a *muss*—or "must"—Nazi, and every *muss* Nazi I have met in four months of wandering around Germany has tried to produce some proof of his claim that his heart hadn't really been in the movement at all; of how badly, in fact, he had stood with the Party. True to form, my old teammate showed me a notice he had received to report to the S.S. for failure to turn out for snow-shovelling duty. While I was looking at it, his wife came into the room where we were talking and he introduced us. She looked ill and shockingly scrawny. She listened indifferently while the talk returned to rugby and that time we beat Offenbach. Then the man asked me where I was staying, and I said at the *beschlagnahmt* Hotel Schrieder. His wife raised her head and her eyes gleamed. "*Gott!*" she said. "The food there must be delicious. It smells so wonderful every time I walk by."

HAVING heard so much from Germans about how bad their food is, I was interested in trying a meal at the Molkenkur Restaurant, which is on the top of a mountain behind Heidelberg and which I remembered as having been an unusually good place to eat. As things worked out, I had lunch there on a Sunday with a thirty-five-year-old mother, her eighteen-year-old daughter, an elderly retired engineer, and his wife—all bombed-out Mannheimers. The former engineer, a fellow in his sixties with a duelling scar on his left cheek, said he had never been a Nazi, not even a *muss* one. The mother of the young girl had once run a prosperous butcher shop with her husband, who subsequently was conscripted into the army. She had last heard from him in March of this year, when he was on the Eastern Front, and she was convinced that, at best, he was now a prisoner of the Russians.

The Molkenkur was crowded. This restaurant is off limits to American troops, and I suppose that I was probably the only foreigner on its terrace, where several hundred people were sitting at tables. A moderately drunken waiter took our order, and there was much business over whether or not my companions' *Marken*, or food tickets, which had been issued in Mannheim, were valid in Heidelberg. Finally, the waiter was persuaded that they were and he went off, returning shortly with a bottle of Palatinate white wine. It was a lovely day, and the view of the Neckar Valley seemed to me one of the most beautiful in Europe, and we drank and talked. The old engineer wanted to know all about Harlem. He had never been in America, but he had read every word about Harlem he could lay his hands on and had pumped everybody who had ever been there whom he could corner. Was Schmal's Pahrahdees still open? Who was playing at the Savoy when I left home? Were there any plans for reopening the Cotton Club? He knew so much more about Harlem than I, who haven't been there in a decade, that it was hopeless.

Exactly two hours and five minutes after we had ordered our lunch, the waiter appeared with our soup and began setting the table. It was a memorable meal. The soup was a translucent grease with minute squiggles of some doughy substance in it. Thanks to the fact that it happened to be a holiday, there was meat, a small piece of ground-up something or other, too awful even to speculate on, imbedded in a thin ring of gray stuff. There were also the standard boiled potatoes without butter, and a cup of ersatz coffee with one saccharin pill. And there was black bread. I once loved German black bread, but what we had tasted like plywood. Since that afternoon, I have foresworn the pleasures of the press mess several times to sample other German meals, just to check up. The Germans, I can tell you, are not lying when they say their food is dreadful.

A few days after that lunch, I was in a small butcher shop where the Mannheim butcher's wife worked as a saleswoman. An old man came in wearing one of the blue-and-white awning-striped suits prescribed in concentration camps. "Could you please sell me a little meat?" he asked. "I have money to pay for it, but my home is in Cologne, and walking here from Dachau I have not been able to draw any *Marken*." The shop was crowded, as usual, with housewives, and at once they all tore off a *Marken* or two from their strips and gave them to the old man. Pooled, the *Marken* he collected proved enough to buy a few sausage ends.

SEVERAL people with whom I've talked in Heidelberg told me of having heard over the Berlin radio that the Russians were issuing food to the population there. One of these was Hans Haaf, who, while he did not doubt that the report was true, was cynical about its implications. "We have a saying in Germany that goes, 'First the sugar bread and then the whip,' " he told me. Living under the Nazis has made Hans a cynic. He is a violinist and the director of an excellent four-piece orchestra called Hans Haaf and His Famous Band, which plays waltzes at the Schrieder for the officers of our First Tactical Air Force. After Stalingrad, dancing was forbidden in Germany, which was not good for Hans's business, and after D Day no music whatever was permitted except funeral marches and such, played by military bands. A stomach ailment prevented Hans from getting into a military band, so he had to go to work molding type in the mechanical department of a newspaper. His accordion player carried baggage as a porter until the railroad station was bombed. I forget what the pianist and second violin did to eat.

Whenever Hitler spoke over the radio, it was, of course, compulsory for every German citizen to listen. On one occasion the Führer was addressing the Reichstag, and when he had finished, the members sang the "Horst Wessel Lied." As a musician, Hans was indignant at the way they murdered the hymn. "The lumps just sit there," he remarked to his fellow-typemolders, in effect, "and for doing nothing each of them collects four hundred and fifty marks of our hard-earned money every month. At least they could learn to sing the song halfway decently. God knows, it's a simple-minded enough tune." The next day, Hans and the ten men to whom he had made the remark were called in by the S.S. A thirteen-year-old printer's devil had squealed on them. Hans had to talk very fast to keep out of a concentration camp and was fined four hundred marks, a sum which a *musik-verboten* fiddle player could ill afford.

All the members of the band now playing at the Schrieder were 4-Fs who never joined the Nazi Party. During one period before the war started, the combination was a sextet; the Party had forced Hans to take on two extra pieces. One was a cellist from the Nazi motor section, whose members wore crash helmets, and the other was a drummer from the S.S. Each insisted on playing in full uniform, and the sight of a man in a crash helmet sawing a cello must have been rather striking. It was the percussion department, however, that was really sensational. Hans had supplied the drummer with a complete set of traps—powerful cowbells of assorted tones, Chinese gongs, sandpa-

Condensed Statement of Condition June 30, 1945

RESOURCES

Cash in Vault and in Federal Reserve Bank	$	558,497,656.48
Due from Banks		267,833,208.54
TOTAL CASH	$ 826,330,865.02	
United States Government Obligations, direct and fully guaranteed		2,608,100,476.24
State, County, and Municipal Bonds		253,873,771.17
Other Bonds and Securities		105,462,204.91
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank		6,092,600.00
Loans and Discounts		931,247,699.05
Accrued Interest and Accounts Receivable . . .		14,889,953.31
Bank Premises, Furniture, Fixtures, and Safe Deposit Vaults		24,794,172.84
Other Real Estate Owned		428,803.29
Customers' Liability on Account of Letters of Credit, Acceptances, and Endorsed Bills		10,525,975.93
Other Resources		104,319.59
TOTAL RESOURCES		**$4,781,850,841.35**

LIABILITIES

Capital:		
Common (8,000,000 Shares) .	$ 100,000,000.00	
Preferred (404,278 Shares)* .	8,085,560.00	
Surplus	95,000,000.00	
Undivided Profits	20,034,051.23	
Reserves	4,142,663.26	
Preferred Stock Retirement Fund	162,053.65	
TOTAL CAPITAL FUNDS . . . . $		227,424,328.14
Reserve for Bad Debts		8,741,302.60
Deposits: Demand	$2,702,438,180.02	4,522,553,863.90
Deposits: Savings and Time .	1,820,115,683.88	
Liability for Letters of Credit and as Acceptor, Endorser, or Maker on Acceptances and Foreign Bills		10,757,753.22
Reserve for Interest Received in Advance . . .		3,825,766.46
Reserve for Interest, Taxes, etc.		8,547,827.03
TOTAL LIABILITIES		**$4,781,850,841.35**

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1892 WAS the year!

A *great* year in America. Lillian Russell was the toast of New York. Pug dogs were "the thing." And everybody was humming "Ben Bolt." Ah, but that was the city for you . . .

In the country, the rich dairy country of upper New York State, something was coming of age that would outlive all these. A man raised American cheese-making to an art with the discovery of a new and wonderful cheese.

"Liederkranz," he called it—after a famous singing society.

And Liederkranz, to this day, is the *one* American cheese that is known—and *admired*—throughout the world.

What is it like? Who could describe Liederkranz! Its golden, well-rounded flavor is not made for words. So try it...

Try it today! Put a hearty slice (crust and all!) on a cracker or slice of rye bread. Roll its marvelous mellowness over your tongue. Relax and savor to the full its robust goodness. Assay its incredible distinction from any cheese you have ever tasted. Do so, and you will be in our debt forever!

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sit down today,
write us what you are needing.
We'll fill your orders, sans delay,
then you can get to READING.

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PROVIDENCE 3 RHODE ISLAND

A to Z For Zest in mixed drinks add a dash of Abbott's BITTERS

BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

per for imitating a locomotive, sleighbells, a resined string that could be made to sound like a lion's roar, several bird calls, a rubber-bulbed auto horn, and a small revolver for firing blank cartridges. All these the S.S. drummer used whenever the spirit moved him, and with a vigor that Heinrich Himmler himself would have admired, but since the orchestra specialized in Viennese waltzes, his efforts didn't always fit in so well with what the other men were doing.

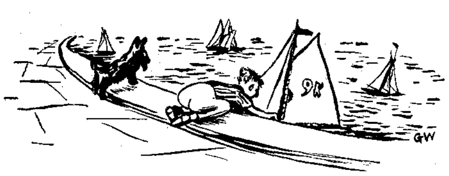
I DO not want to give the impression that hardly anybody in Heidelberg belonged to the Nazi Party. After the *Machtergreifung*, or seizure of power, of January 30, 1933, the citizenry, I have been assured, swarmed into the Party. For at least three years there had been serious unemployment in the city, and Hitler's promises of work and bread were enthusiastically listened to. On this occasion Hitler lived up to his promises. There was the Autobahn, for instance, that wonderful national speed highway on which our own tanks were later to run wild; the first stretch of it to be built was between Heidelberg and Mannheim, and thousands of Heidelbergers worked on it. Other thousands were employed on the construction of the Westwall and in the Junker bomber factory at Dessau. It is estimated that seventy per cent of the members of the pre-Hitler University faculty at Heidelberg were against National Socialism; at any rate, that was the percentage of professors who got the boot after the *Machtergreifung*, and it is probably a fairly reliable figure, for Doctor Goebbels got his Ph.D. at Heidelberg and he always gave his alma mater a great deal of personal attention. Professor Johannes L. Hoops, the *Rektor*, or head, of the University, who is well known in America and Britain as a distinguished philologist of the English language, never joined the Party, and many of his colleagues also managed to keep out. These were mostly mathematicians, descriptive botanists, comparative grammarians, and the like—men who had little opportunity to throw any kind of political curves in their teaching.

When I saw *Rektor* Hoops, he was wondering anxiously how soon the Americans were going to allow the University to reopen, and so was I. Not for some time, the Army later gave me to understand; at the moment the American authorities have their hands full trying to reopen the first four grades of the Heidelberg grammar schools. Germany's educational system is being overhauled from the bottom up, and it is about time. I met a man in a *Weinstube* who had spent four years in Buchenwald as a political prisoner. While he was away, his son in kindergarten was taught this little tribute to the man who created Buchenwald:

Händchen falten, Köpfchen senken,
Und an Adolf Hitler denken.
Denn er gibt uns täglich Brot,
Und du leidest keine Not.

Which, without bothering about meter or rhyme, means: "Fold your little hands, bow your little head, and think of Adolf Hitler. For he gives us daily bread and you suffer no need." Which further means that the universities will plainly have to wait their turn.

—JOEL SAYRE



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GOVERNMENT PROSE MOVES TOWARD SHORT, DIRECT STYLE

[*From War Times, which is published for the personnel of the War Department every Friday at the direction of the Secretary of War by the Industrial Service Division, Bureau of Public Relations, under the sponsorship of the Secretary of War's Council on Civilian Personnel and with the approval of the Bureau of the Budget, as required by Rule 42 of the Joint Committee on Printing.*]

The present movement toward simplification of language and directness of statement in government writing and the elimination of jargon and unnecessary wordiness as well as the use of short, direct statements instead of long sentences which are difficult to understand because the reader is apt to get lost before he arrives, if he ever does, at the meaning intended by the writer, is a valuable attempt to achieve economy and intelligibility, for many pamphlets, instruction sheets, ordinary memoranda and assorted missives circulated through the War Department fail of their primary purpose through befogging their contents by use of pseudo-official phraseology which only the initiated can hope to understand and of which even they cannot be certain without reference either to the key works needed for translating them or to their own garbled and confused memories of dealing, usually without much success and always after a long period of time and travail, with similar kinds of wording in similar situations, so, though don't be too hopeful, for someone with unusual gifts and energy in applying them will manage triumphantly to misunderstand you no matter what you say or how you say it, try saying what you have to say as simply and as briefly as you can, and then after you've said it, stop saying it and don't say it any more.

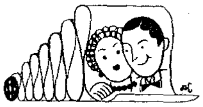
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Brief Masterwork

In "San Pietro," a thirty-minute documentary produced by the Pictorial Service of the U.S. Army Signal Corps, war is not the hellish, spectacular nightmare that it was in "Desert Victory" or the high, heroic enterprise that it was in "Fighting Lady." Instead, it is a dirty, deadly business, conducted by men too aware of doom to indulge in any romantic gestures. Written, directed, and narrated by Major John Huston, and supervised by Colonel Frank Capra, "San Pietro" describes the struggle of one infantry regiment to capture a small town in the Liri Valley of southern Italy toward the close of 1943. In a flat, pedantic tone, which often gives the effect of an acid parody of the typical military commentator, Major Huston outlines the objectives involved in the battle for San Pietro as the camera ranges over mountains so vast that the soldiers fighting in them create only a puny stir. As the Major talks tactics, the film discovers the men who will put them into play—the gum-chewing foot soldiers, abstracted as ruminants, alike only in the fact that they wear the same uniform. There is no superfluous underlining of various origins and racial stocks, however; the men are presented simply as soldiers, with no cute observations that among them there are Smiths, Cohens, and Kellys.

The conquest of San Pietro is presented by Major Huston not as a matter of grand mechanical sweeps or dashing aerial gymnastics. The infantrymen move stolidly against an enemy that is rarely seen, yard by yard, at a cost of one life to the yard, and when they collapse into the limp untidiness of death, the camera makes no effort to find dignity in their twisted bodies. From the muddy holes and rocky hideouts where they fall, the camera follows them right into their graves, swaddled in winding sheets like laundry in a pillowcase.

In "San Pietro" there are only a few of the clichés that stamp the usual military film—the generals gathered around the inevitable map, the inevitable synchronization of the wrist watches. But to offset such scenes, there is the moving record of the people of San Pietro emerging from the shambles that was their town. The smallness of the place makes it possible for Major Huston to catch the dazed old men, the weeping matrons, the curious children as they wander through the rubble, and to group them, with no forced dramatics, around a pit from which the body of a gray-haired woman is being dug. With an extraordinary frankness, Major Huston's narration points up the fact that, while the people of San Pietro were convinced that the battle for their town was to effect their liberation, it was actually a strictly military operation. Whatever it was, it has resulted in the best documentary to come out of this war.



At one point in "The Great John L.," which introduces Bing Crosby as a producer, a young lady looks into the close-set eyes of Greg McClure, a newcomer who plays the title rôle, and remarks, "Deep inside there is beauty." This sort of dialogue—and there's plenty of it—is evidently designed to bolster the film's dreamy contention that, far from being a simple Neanderthal type, the Boston Strong Boy was as full of hidden depths as Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is only with a kind of pained reluctance that the fabricators of "The Great John L." tear themselves briefly away from probing the Sullivan psyche to establish the fact that their protagonist had a right hand as authoritative as a shillelagh. All the monumental brawls in which Sullivan participated are compressed into a few moments in order that the picture may dwell with interminable detail on John L.'s alleged mewling over the lost love of his youth. Except when he is in the ring, where he reveals a commendable muscular competence, Mr. McClure is grimly impassive, and he finally subsides into what appears to be outright catalepsy while attempting to portray John L.'s final triumphant struggle against liquor. Surrounding Mr. McClure in this Crosby enterprise are such competent performers as Wallace Ford and J. M. Kerrigan, and such delectable ones as Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton. They are uniformly unhappy.

In "A Thousand and One Nights," the genie that drifts out of Aladdin's lamp is a bouncy little redhead. This is its only point of departure from all the other Technicolor interpretations of Arabia.

—John McCarten

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ICE SHOW
Ice Show and Dancing Daily
at Luncheon, Dinner and Supper
HOTEL
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Not too sweet—not too tart—just too good for words. If not obtainable, write giving your grocer's name.

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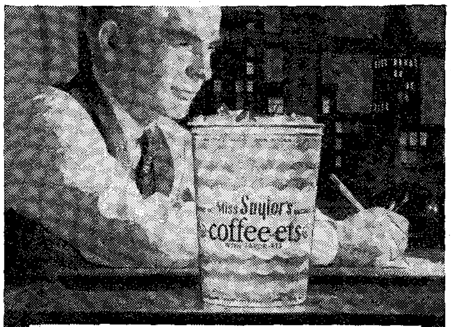
PRICES THREE DOZEN $1.50 SIX DOZEN $2.00 NINE DOZEN $2.50 TWELVE DOZEN $3.00

It's better with fresh fruit and White Rock

White Rock
White Rock

Try this White Rock Tom Collins!

Put 1 level teaspoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock water. Add juice of 1 small lime (or ½ lemon) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes), then 1 jigger of rum (2 oz.). Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water—the lively mixer with the refreshing tang. Stir *slightly* . . . and drink. *Um-m-m!*



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QUICK-UP PICK-UP
Miss Saylor's
COFFEE-ETS

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES—
REAL CREAM • FRESH BUTTER
PURE COFFEE

You get the lift of coffee and the taste of cream, for Coffee-ets are blended by cooks who know how to enhance delicate flavors and true fragrances.

Keep a handful of Coffee-ets in your pocket for the day's last half hour. They're a quick pick-up.

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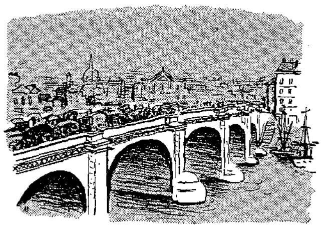
LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 15 (BY CABLE)

THE deep calm that has followed the din of the political campaign has been a shock in itself, like the once familiar abrupt silence that closed in on the echoes after a rocket had fallen. During the weeks before Election Day, the political reporting in most of the newspapers here became hysterically partisan. Only the *Times* was able to preserve any real detachment. Now, with only two or three quiet murder cases in the headlines and with the *Daily Express* devoting much of its meagre four pages to a new Agatha Christie serial called "Sparkling Cyanide," everything seems strangely hushed. It is a relief. In fact, relief appears to be the major emotion felt by most Britons ever since the election.



The campaign stirred up an extraordinary amount of bitterness, not only on platforms and in the press but in the home as well. Many families and friendships split over political beliefs, which, it appeared, had noticeably soured with keeping during the five years of the Coalition. Moreover, after a long period of dormancy, when the struggle to survive made it seem unimportant, the old class feeling turned up again at many of the stormy election meetings. In rural districts, where the agricultural laborers are either wary of "London politics" or, if they hold an opinion, are shy of offending the "big house," which, though taxed almost to extinction, still supplies their bread and cheese, the campaigning was received with apathy. As a tradesman in a small Somerset village told a visitor, "It don't do for a man in my position to have politics."

Even the more sophisticated might have been excused for being bewildered by the campaign, because both the leading parties used every dubious old electioneering trick and even thought up a couple of new ones. The Conservatives gleefully fastened upon the alleged statement by Harold Laski, one of the Labour leaders, that his party would use violence, if necessary, to accomplish its social aims. Ignoring Professor Laski's vigorous denials, the Tories made him into a sort of Halloween bogy, which they waved with bloodchilling yells under the public's window. They may already regret this. As the *Times* pointed out the other day in a thoughtful editorial, the Tory exploitation of the Laski affair could be used by Labour, should the Conservatives win, to discredit the victory. In spite of the acute paper shortage, there was a last-minute rash of political muckraking publications. Distaste for much that has been said and written by and about the parties of the Left and of the Right probably drove a large number of voters to the Center, the Liberal Party. Many observers believe that when the vote is announced, on July 26th, it will show that the Liberals recruited a large proportion of the serious young and youngish people back from the services and their contemporaries. The Conservatives, however, expect a majority, which varies, according to the spokesman, from a fairly glum to a fairly optimistic estimate, and the Labourites openly and cheerfully expect a repetition of the 1929 situation, when they were able to form a government with the aid of the Liberals. The most surprising thing is the quietness with which the English are sitting back and waiting to see what kind of government they will get. After the final fortnight of the battle, when the air was full of verbal and even actual missiles, this country seems to have decided to have no politics at all until the results are announced. It certainly makes a nice change.

THE two months that have passed since the end of the war in Europe have naturally brought about some changes in day-to-day living, but they have not been as numerous or as gay as most people imagined they would be. In some ways, things seem even more difficult. Women spend a discouraging number of hours a day standing in line for food or for shoes. Like many European countries, England has found that peace in Europe means belt tightening. There have been new reductions in food allotments, especially in fats. This month's soap ration was cut drastically and the milk allotments to nonpriority users are soon to be further reduced. Because of the lack of manpower, which is officially blamed for everything, dry cleaners and laundries take as long as a month to do your clothes. The housing shortage has become more acute than ever, now that thousands of discharged war veterans and their families are coming back to town.

An organization of ex-service men called the Vigilantes, whose boss is romantically known as The Guvnor, has sprung up in Brighton, the Londoner's favorite seaside town, and is attempting to solve one phase of the housing problem there. When the Vigilantes hear of a service man's family who have nowhere to live, they simply move them into any suitable empty house. The local authorities seem amiably averse to doing much to curb the movement, and by the time the law gets around to evicting the family, which usually takes a while, the Vigilantes have moved their charges to another empty house. It is said that a London branch of the Vigilantes began functioning the other day. The Vigilantes look to some nervous Englishmen like an omen of the violent action Professor Laski was supposed to favor. Less jumpy citizens simply think it is a good idea because it may force the authorities to take action themselves.

In spite of such worries, the biggest and brightest change here since V-E day has been in a state of mind. Returned travellers say that they are impressed by the remarkable improvement in manners and spirits since last summer, when the flying bombs were at their height. Londoners' faces look relaxed and people seem to be readier to laugh and to have more time to be polite now that they haven't the feeling that any moment they may have done with time forever.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

NIGHTMARE IN A MUSEUM

Then the glance slants
To the jade blade
With the gilt hilt
In the shade made
By the chance stance
Of the Ming King
In the tomb gloom
Of the Sing Wing. . . .

And the lawn yawns
In the dark park
Where the tawn fawns
Are the stark mark
On the ground round,
And the bronze swans
Like a boat float. . . .

From the soy boy
Comes the drowned sound
Of a throat note:

Myrna Loy Loy!

—DAVID MCCORD

Now all eyes are on the
Route to Tokyo

Part of the war is over.

Now *all* the emphasis of war lies along the Route to Tokyo.

There are still boys in bomb bays we all want to see back at their jobs.

There are still young fellows steering tanks and landing craft who ought to be back steering family cars.

There are still fellows hunting Japs in jungles who ought to be hunting rabbits on the "south forty."

These men can't get back until they get the stuff to fight with—and plenty of it.

That's where Santa Fe comes in.

Like the branches of a river flowing into the main stream, guns, tanks, food, plane parts and other material of war are flowing along the "Route to Tokyo" on Santa Fe rails.

Movement of these vital war supplies is facilitated by—

Greatly increased yards—More than doubled at many points. More trains of war can get in and out in less time.

50 per cent more trains on the same tracks are now made possible by centralized traffic control at key points, which avoids trains being held on sidings.

More power—in the form of giant 5400 horsepower freight Diesels. Santa Fe now has 71 of them—*and more are coming!*

New bridge speeds war traffic. The new Topock bridge over the Colorado River is speeding up movements of freight and troops to California's Ports of War.

When Victory is won and the boys come home, these facilities will help provide better passenger service than ever, and will haul more peacetime freight even more efficiently than before.

ARIZONA
CALIFORNIA

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES
"ALONG THE ROUTE TO TOKYO"

Santa Fe

WHO stuffed soap in the dressing room keyholes?

WHO became a barmaid to pay her hotel bill?

WHO expected emeralds from an Indian Prince—and got betel nuts?

WHO— besides Bea Lillie—ate her way right out of New York's swankiest hotel?

WHO has written the sprightliest autobiography of the year?

Take a bow . . .

Gertrude Lawrence

. . . for your sparkling life story!

A STAR DANCED

At your bookseller's, **$2.50**

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THE RACE TRACK

This Is War

RACING isn't exactly picking at the coverlet these days. Last week 186,691 cash customers wagered $16,927,007 at Aqueduct; Garden State Park, in New Jersey, opened to large crowds; Suffolk Downs, in Boston, boomed along merrily; and last Saturday, Washington Park, in Chicago, had one of its best days. Of course, the Office of Defense Transportation's order prohibiting the shipment of racers anywhere by rail or hired van until July 1st next year is going to vex the managements of tracks which offer $50,000 races for the celebrated horses, and this year it's a poor track that hasn't at least one $50,000 race. Also, the order may hinder the plans of trainers who are accustomed to pot-hunting all over the country for the larger purses or shipping where they can win a bet.

There are, however, plenty of horses on Long Island—three hundred and fifty at Aqueduct; four hundred and fifty at Jamaica, where the Empire City races began this week; and at least eleven hundred, a good many of them two-year-olds, at Belmont. And I haven't the slightest doubt that all the important stables now in the hinterland will be at Belmont for the meeting of the Saratoga Association next month. After all, there is nothing in the O.D.T. directive that forbids the transportation of runners by canalboat. Horsemen, you may be sure, will find a way.

There's no denying that thoroughbreds have been doing a lot of gadding about. I daresay that what annoyed Washington most was the shipping of colts to the Kentucky Derby and back, with only a stable pony for company, in special cars that could carry sixteen animals comfortably, at a time when the railroads were short of rolling stock. I do think, though, that a little more warning might have been given. My Washington undercover man reports that J. Monroe Johnson, the director of the O.D.T., has a system for beating the races. His system, however, has nothing to do with his latest order.

IT is becoming clear that Wildlife is one of the better three-year-olds. Last week he won both the Dwyer and the Shevlin Stakes at Aqueduct, which earned him $47,235. I don't remember a more exciting finish all season than the one in the Dwyer last Saturday. Arcaro, who rode Pavot, elected to call the tune, and although the pace he set was a slow one, Pavot faded out after going six furlongs, as he did in the Preakness. This time, however, he made a more thorough job of it and finished last. Three furlongs from home, Esteem, who had been pointed for the Dwyer, took the lead. Then, in the stretch, it looked as though Gallorette would win, but Wildlife came along and nosed her out. In the Shevlin, earlier in the week, Polynesian, hero of the Preakness, led for half a mile, after which Wildlife galloped past him and won by half a dozen lengths. This apparently upset Polynesian so much that he broke out in a rash right after the race. My guess is that Wildlife is the most dependable of the three-year-olds, even though Pot o' Luck has lots of new friends since he won the Classic Stakes in Chicago last Saturday.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: The two-year-old colts who ran at Aqueduct didn't seem to be as good as the fillies. For one, Degage, who won the Tremont Stakes, couldn't give both weight and a beating to Mist o' Gold in the Great American. Neither horse has the quality of Hypnotic, a half sister to Vagrancy, whom many racegoers fondly remember. . . . The longest-priced winner of the meeting was Southern Pride, who brought off a 75–1 chance the other afternoon. One chiseller cashed a phony $2 winning ticket on the horse. He pencilled a 1 on a Number 2 ticket to make it a 12, Southern Pride's mutuel number, and collected $152.20. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Today is THE TRIBUNE'S 98th birthday. We'll spend it working.

There is considerable work to do. More than a million papers have to be printed and circulated, instead of the 400 of June 10, 1947.—*Chicago Tribune.*

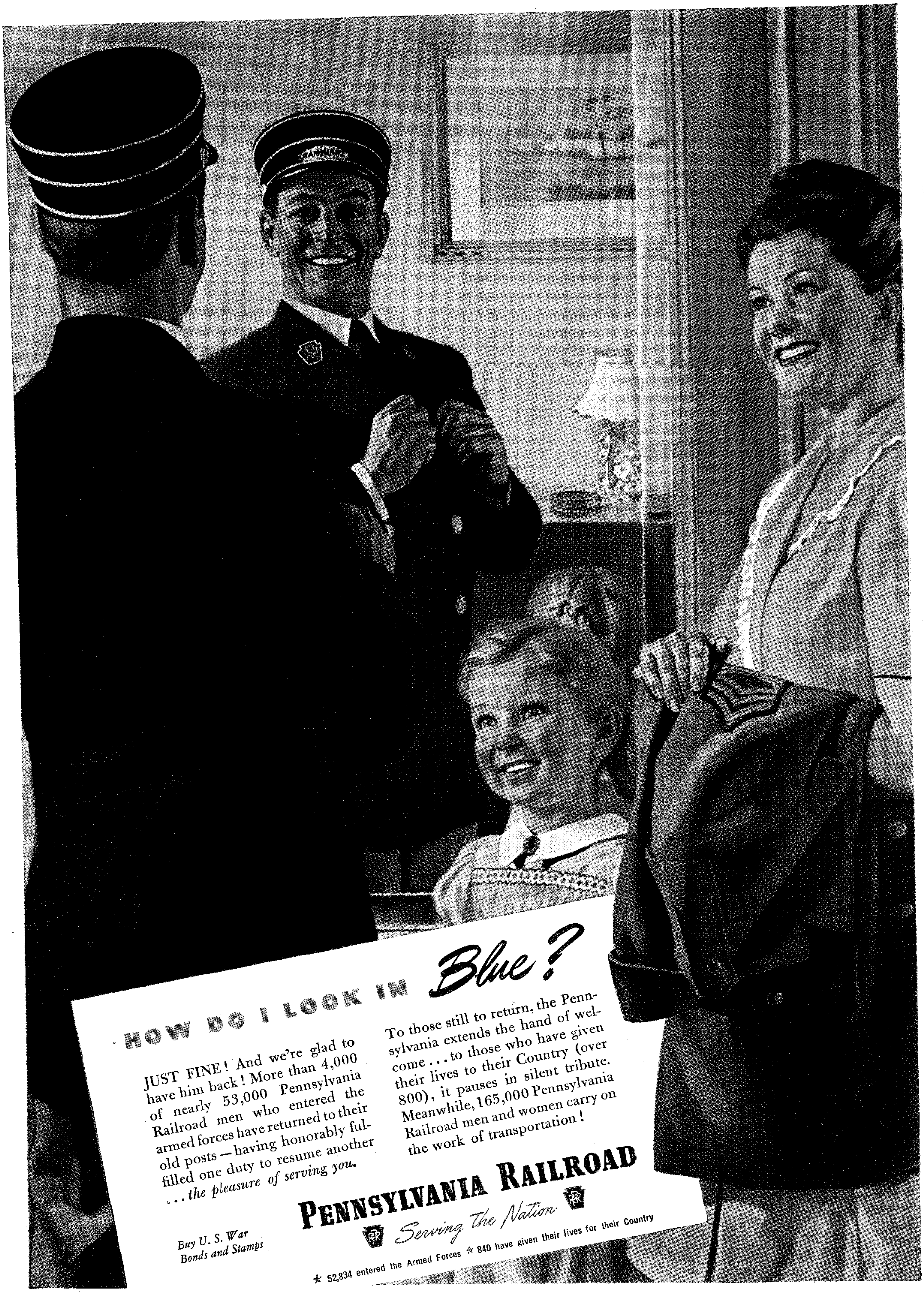
Come on, now, that's no way for a great big healthy paper to talk.

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

W. G. writes: My wife keeps me awake at night with her snoring. I am a hard working man and need my rest. What would you suggest?—*The Daily News.*

Don't work so hard.



HOW DO I LOOK IN *Blue?*

JUST FINE! And we're glad to have him back! More than 4,000 of nearly 53,000 Pennsylvania Railroad men who entered the armed forces have returned to their old posts—having honorably fulfilled one duty to resume another . . . *the pleasure of serving you.*

To those still to return, the Pennsylvania extends the hand of welcome . . . to those who have given their lives to their Country (over 800), it pauses in silent tribute. Meanwhile, 165,000 Pennsylvania Railroad men and women carry on the work of transportation!

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

★ 52,834 entered the Armed Forces ★ 840 have given their lives for their Country

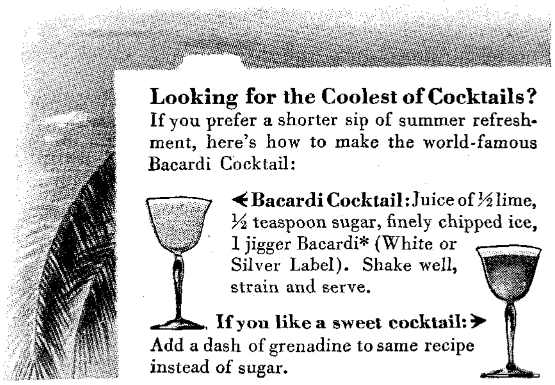
This isn't a Mirage!

If a Bacardi Collins keeps popping before your eyes when you're hot and parched as the desert, don't dismiss it as a delightful mirage.

You can prove—simply by ordering one—that it's a very *real* refresher. In fact, the grandest thirst-quencher you ever raised to your lips!

You see, Bacardi is made to an 83-year-old formula, still known only to the Bacardi family. That's why it's so mellow, so smooth, *unequalled* in your favorite drinks.

And while we're on the subject of seeing things . . . better see to it that you really *get* Bacardi in your Collins, Cuba Libre, or Highball. Just order it with Bacardi and credit yourself with...vision!



Looking for the Coolest of Cocktails?
If you prefer a shorter sip of summer refreshment, here's how to make the world-famous Bacardi Cocktail:

◄ Bacardi Cocktail: Juice of ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, finely chipped ice, 1 jigger Bacardi* (White or Silver Label). Shake well, strain and serve.

If you like a sweet cocktail: ► Add a dash of grenadine to same recipe instead of sugar.

For summer drinks at their glorious best

Nothing can replace

BACARDI

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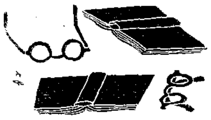
*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936: *A Bacardi Cocktail* MUST *be made with Bacardi.* RUM—89 Proof—Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N.Y.

BOOKS

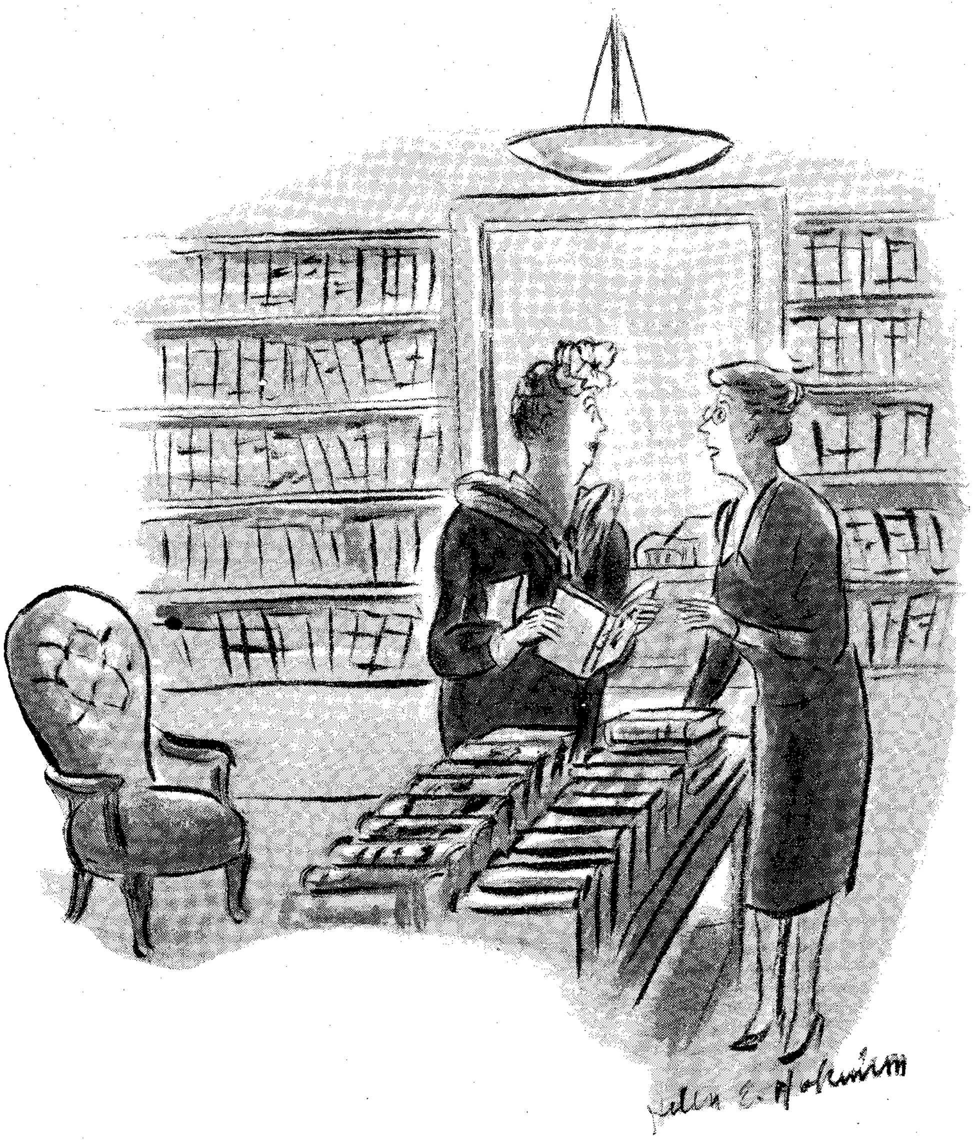
The Wind from the Steppes



EDGAR SNOW'S "The Pattern of Soviet Power" (Random House) is a good book that does not live up to the promise of its title. I'm not at all sure that any book could, unless it were written by Marshal Stalin, and I think that even if he went to the trouble of writing such a book it might be rather premature. There are certain very simple things that may now be said about the pattern of Soviet power and the rôle it plans to play in world affairs—that Russia is most likely going to be the dominating influence in Europe for the next hundred years, for example—but those plans and intentions simply cannot be blueprinted, as much as the rest of the world might like them to be. Mr. Snow, wisely enough, has not attempted to draw up such a blueprint. His book is largely an examination of the Soviet structure as it looks after several years of war, and, while his long acquaintance with the Soviet gives his volume more than an ordinary amount of interest and value, there is not much in it that has not already been reported by the daily press, or in such recent books as Richard Lauterbach's "These Are the Russians." There is, as a matter of fact, a certain sameness about nearly all the books about Russia written by the foreign correspondents who have been there—an opening chapter on the appearance of Moscow and life in that city; a discussion of the latest Marxist mutations and the changes in the party line; a visit to the Ukraine; an interpretation of Russian policy in reference to Japan; a series of thumbnail sketches of the members of the Russian hierarchy; and a portrait, generally in soft focus, of the Marshal himself. All these things are in Mr. Snow's book, along with a chapter on the Russian occupation of Rumania and a vivid description of the criminal behavior of the Germans in Poland, and anyone who isn't yet acquainted with such matters could hardly find a better book to begin with than this one.

Mr. Snow's book is colored throughout by his favorable attitude toward Russia, just as William L. White's "Report on the Russians" was colored by a rather different attitude, but I don't see how this, in either case, could have been avoided. I get the impression that Mr. Snow is the more responsible and objective journalist of the two, but objectivity, at best, is merely a matter of degree. A man may swear off editorializing for keeps, and stick to what are called facts, yet even then, in whatever it is that makes one man dwell on the "facts" of the low standard of living in Russia while another celebrates the "facts" of the glories of Soviet construction, the subjective process is always at work. Then, too, Russia is more than a country. It has influenced the minds and imaginations of millions of people—a threat to some, a promise to others—and men approach it, in general, either as heretics or believers. Neither group, on the record, is noticeably given to objectivity.

OBJECTIVITY, however, is just what the situation calls for, and one of the great virtues of Mr. Snow's book is that he has tried to be as objective as possible. He gives us many facts about Russia and, while we can always use books of interpretation and criticism, we can also use all the factual information about the U.S.S.R. that we can get hold of. It is unfortunate that so many difficulties seem to be attached to the gathering of facts in the Soviet, and that all the books written about it either in approval or opposition have such a limited range, but this only adds to our need for a book of the kind and quality of de Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," or, if that is setting our sights too high, for one like Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Beatrice and Sidney Webb, in the monumental two-volume study of Russia they wrote some years ago, "Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?," made a try at writing such a book, but it didn't quite come off. It is still full of extremely useful information and represents



"It doesn't exactly explain de Gaulle, but it helps."

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"The Case of the Bewildered Battler" has met with the approval of many Government officials and individuals concerned with Veteran Readjustment.

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what is probably the most conscientious effort at assaying the Soviet Union, despite its big element of undisguised bias, but so many things have happened since it was written, and Russia has apparently changed so much, that it is rather out of date.

A new book entitled "The Basis of Soviet Strength," by George B. Cressey (Whittlesey House), an examination of the geography, natural resources, manpower, and industrial potential of the U.S.S.R., doesn't add a great deal to what was in the Webbs' book, but it, too, has substantial value. There isn't much that can be said about it, since it is mostly a collection of charts, tables, and other statistics, but it contains enough evidence of a purely economic nature to indicate rather forcefully that the future direction of Europe is more or less bound to be determined, in large part, by the ambitions and needs of the Soviet Union. A rich and fertile country, inhabited by one-tenth of the world's population, spread across one-seventh of the globe, flushed with military success and national pride, is certainly going to have an emphatic say about what happens just beyond its own front yard. This does not mean, however, that Europe is inevitably destined to become the Communist peninsula of a huge Communist land mass, or that Russia is about to launch upon a program of imperialistic expansion. Both things could happen—possibly without too much trouble, either—but they do not necessarily follow. There seems to be, for one thing, as Pierre de Lanux points out in his recently published "European Manifesto" (Creative Age), a pronounced determination on the part of the ten nations conquered by the Nazis to work out a new and different kind of Europe. Besides, as Mr. Snow contends in his book, there is no reason to believe that Russia has any larger ambitions in Europe, at least for the present, than to see that the Continent is reconstructed in such a way as to guarantee her a long period of peace and tranquillity. What will happen after that, if such a tranquil era actually comes to pass (a highly unlikely development, it seems to me), is anybody's guess. It will depend, however, not only upon Russia, powerful and influential though she is. All the forces, national and international, now at work in the world will be brought into play—the forces of Europe in particular. These latter forces, as Mr. de Lanux shows, are moving in a general leftward direction, and it would seem, on the basis of such information as we are getting from abroad, that certain

an countries are moving rather
into the orbit of Soviet influence.
r. de Lanux's idea, however, that
on in Europe is anxious to belong
ody's orbit. He holds that, simul-
sly with the trend to the left,
even stronger trend, on the
ations recently liberated, to
ration of European states not
own association of semi-inde-
ommonwealths. I don't see
de Lanux can square this with
cent developments—the case
lavia, for instance, which seems
to have entered the Soviet
but I also don't see how any-
o wants to avoid a third World
fail to hope he is right.
ics, too, abhors a vacuum, and
event that Europe falls into a
d period of disintegration and
the temptation to both Eng-
Russia to dominate it will
irresistible. This could have
outcome, another war, and
r. de Lanux is right in say-
y attempt to carve out spheres
e that would bring East and
opposition would be high-
ous, in that it would be an
tion to Germany to start re-
powerful Mitteleuropa that
d the balance of power be-
t and West. Mr. de Lanux,
ng his rough working sketch
and federated Europe, does
many details on how such a
might run. His book is a rath-
one, and what he has done,
voice an expression of hope.
o share his hope, and to per-
self that he has good reason
g as he does. However, it
wished that he had hoped,
was about it, for a world fed-
stead of a purely European
if not that, for a federated
at would be part of a federated
he world is a big place, with
t for everybody, but it's still
l. —Hamilton Basso

RIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THEM, by Alfred Neumann
nillan). An account of the trial
"Aryan" students, their pro-
and his wife, who took part
ebellion against the Hitler re-
in the University of Munich in
This is not the usual recital of
horror but an attempt to ex-
how six people remained decent
an beings in the midst of the
ish environment of the Third

Seasoned Skill...

WITH A MODERN APPLICATION

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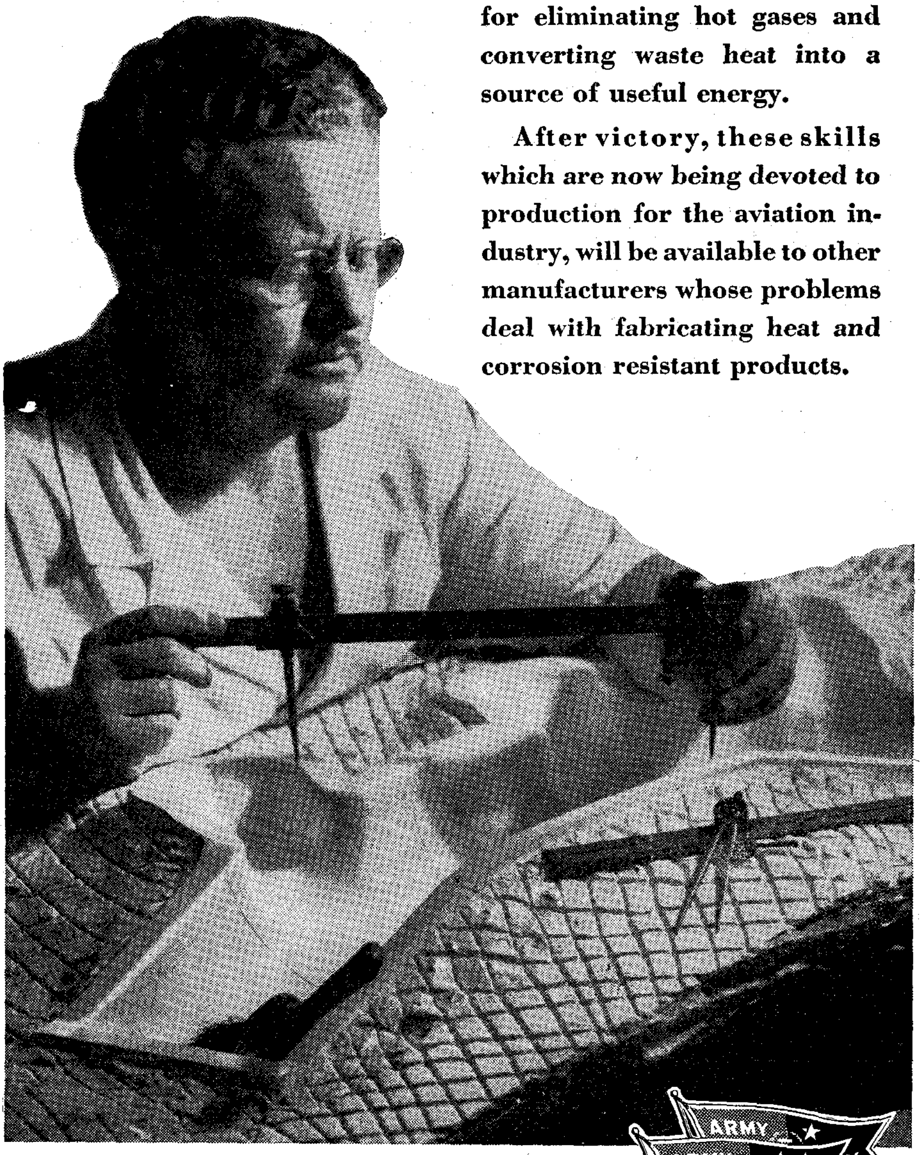

ARMY NAVY E

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Reich. Mr. Neumann writes competently and sometimes movingly, but his book, one of a long line of works by refugee writers stressing the idealism of the true German (as opposed to Nazi) character, raises the question of whether a novelist who has lived in California for years is qualified to report on virtue among his compatriots. Reliability aside, isn't the whole theme getting worn rather threadbare as a subject for fiction?

The Knights of the Cape, by Ricardo Palma, translated by Harriet de Onís (Knopf). Selections from "Tradiciones Peruanas," a classic of Spanish-American letters which is almost wholly concerned with the history (legendary and authentic) of the ancient city of Lima. Viceroys in their amorous as well as warlike moments, great ladies presenting their frailer side, local saints performing cozy little miracles, gamblers, cutthroats, bishops, and conquistadors, all are represented in the picaresque short tales of this collection. Palma, who wrote in the latter part of the nineteenth century, possessed a robust, mocking style, but his material is a shade too special to interest non-Hispanic readers greatly.

Artie Greengroin Pfc., by Harry Brown (Knopf). It was, of course, inevitable, given the current mania for putting even the most ephemeral newspaper and magazine material into book form, that Mr. Brown's cheerful contributions to *Yank* should get themselves between covers. The reflections of Artie Greengroin on practically every situation in which an American private stationed in England might conceivably find himself do not seem as funny in the publisher's formal getup as they did in the more casual setting of *Yank*, but, at that, they are pretty funny.

It's a Free Country, by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin). An intelligent young girl, who is, moreover, pretty and lovable, graduates with honors from high school and has plans for college and an intellectual career. Without any serious emotional involvement, she allows a foolish, good-natured boy to make love to her, becomes pregnant, and, of necessity, marries the boy. The husband hasn't enough brains to earn a living and, under the stress of poverty and continual child-bearing, the girl loses her beauty, her good disposition, and her integrity. When she sees the miserable pattern of her own life repeating itself in that of her daughter, she takes matters into her own hands and furnishes the novel with a melodramatic ending. Just medium Williams, which is faint enough praise.

GENERAL

Against These Three, by Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin). A vigorous, colorful retelling of the crowded chapter in South African history that was dominated by three vigorous, colorful men—Paul Kruger, the "Oom Paul" of the Boers; Cecil Rhodes, the man who thought exclusively in terms of empire; and Lobengula, the last of the great Kaffir kings. History never pitted three more dissimilar men against each other, or saw a more dramatic clash of temperaments, ambitions, and social points of view, and Mr. Cloete has written a book about them that not only sheds new light on the opening up of the Dark Continent but gives H. Rider Haggard a brisk run for his money. Maps, diagrams, and illustrations.

Raw Material, by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin). The life, times, and opinions of Oliver La Farge, Esq., late of Harvard, Newport, and New York, with special emphasis upon the difficulties attached to scaling the walls of class and breaking out of the confines of caste. Mr. La Farge, aided and abetted by a period of residence in the New Orleans French quarter, a genuine love of writing, and the experiences with the present-day American Indian that resulted in his "Laughing Boy" and other books, managed to make good his escape, but, as his honest and thoughtful confessions show, it wasn't an easy job.

Naked City, by Weegee (Essential Books). A book of photographs, including some very good ones, of the sidewalks, fire escapes, beaches, beer parlors, tenements, and side streets of New York. Weegee (or would it be impolite to call him Mr. Weegee?) knows what a camera is for, and how to use one to catch the life of a city, but some of his pictures, in their harsh prying into the lives of the broken, the outcast, and the poor give the impression that he gets one hell of a big kick out of slumming. William McCleery, editor of *PM's* Picture News, has written a foreword which isn't any worse than the confused and coy notations the author has set down to serve as a text.

New Chum, by John Masefield (Macmillan). Two years before the mast on H.M.S. Conway, the
training ship aboard which
age of thirteen, the author
long association with the
Masefield, in this story of h
transformation from a
(apprentice seaman) in
hand, has written some
impeccable prose of his
in addition, has given an
simple record more drama an
sity than is to be found in a
batch of novels.

MYSTERY AND CRIM

Shadow of a Crime, by
(Dodd, Mead). The pol
English village of Wing
stumped by the death of
Fratton, Esq., of the
Glavenham, who was w
the head by a mysterious ob
motorcycling between the
This reasonably interesting
finally gets into the hands o
tor Jimmy Waghorn of t
who takes it, as usual, to D
in his study. Their sol
proof, if unexciting, a co
which always proves
Rhode fans.

I, Said the Fly, by E.
(Doubleday, Doran). A
spector named Cory
alibis provided by the n
fairly dingy inhabitants
boarding house in which
the revolver responsible
of an unidentified wom
nearby. Much of the
to point to a young d
so many ladies in her
goes out of her way to
trouble before Cory
things up. A routi
around some good at

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They were well armed
few automatic weapons. Bu
dom aggressive. The leade
Hood. He preferred to sit
a palm grove near the
Valley, eating native fruits
rations and reading old
magazine discarded by ma
maneuvers.—*The Heral*

No Robin Hood he.

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[*From the Cincinnati*

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globe to reflect colored lights fr
tery of lamps as it revolves to be
on top of an advertising truck
attention within range of a speaker

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SURRENDER OF THE U-805

LIFE aboard a surrendered German submarine as it made its way slowly to our shores could be a sombre business. I gathered this the other day while talking with a young officer who, as a naval correspondent attached to the staff of the admiral in charge of destroyers and destroyer escorts engaged in anti-submarine warfare in the Atlantic, had been aboard a surrendered U-boat during the three-day journey it made to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from the point off the Grand Bank where it had given up. The submarine, the seven-hundred-and-forty-ton U-805, was the second to be brought into an east-coast port under the terms of the Reich's capitulation. The boarding party which took her over was by no means as large as the German crew which remained on board. When men find themselves aboard an enemy warship with a numerically superior group of prisoners, they are in an uneasy situation, particularly when they are jammed in as tight as they are on a submarine. It was a wet, severe passage.

The story starts the day President Truman proclaimed our victory in Europe. Immediately after his announcement, a Navy radio station on the east coast began beaming instructions in German to any U-boat commanders who might be in the North Atlantic, repeating the capitulation order of Admiral Doenitz and telling them the details of how they were to surrender. At twilight the following day, the monitors at the station picked up their first reply, a message from the captain of the U-805, stating that he had received the instructions and wished to surrender his ship. The latitude and longitude he gave placed him some two hundred miles east of Newfoundland. This message was acknowledged and relayed to the office of the Chief of Naval Operations, where the 805 was scratched from the list of enemy submarines at sea. Then it was passed along to Commander Destroyers Atlantic Fleet, the officer whose ships were responsible for bringing surrendered U-boats in to U. S. ports.

At dawn the next day, two destroyer escorts—the U.S.S. Varian and the U.S.S. Otter—cleared the windswept port of Argentia, Newfoundland, and headed out toward the U-805's position to bring her into port. By late afternoon of the following day, the two ships, after beating their way through fog and high seas, were close enough to talk to her by short-wave radio. A German-speaking member of the Otter's crew broadcast in the enemy's language to the submarine, which answered at once, again giving its latitude and longitude. It was not far away, but because the light was failing and the sea was running high it was decided not to try to board the sub that night. Instead, the U-805 was ordered to be at the same location the following dawn for a rendezvous. "I understand," came back the reply.

When dawn broke the next day, the fog was still heavy on the water, the wind was raw, and the sea was still high. The Otter and Varian were cruising slowly, several hundred yards apart, when suddenly, out of the mist a couple of hundred yards off the Otter's starboard bow, the submarine appeared, a rusty monster, riding low in the water and making scant headway. Its conning tower was crowded with members of the crew, standing there quietly and staring.

Using international code on its blinker lights, the Otter signalled, "Do you understand English?"

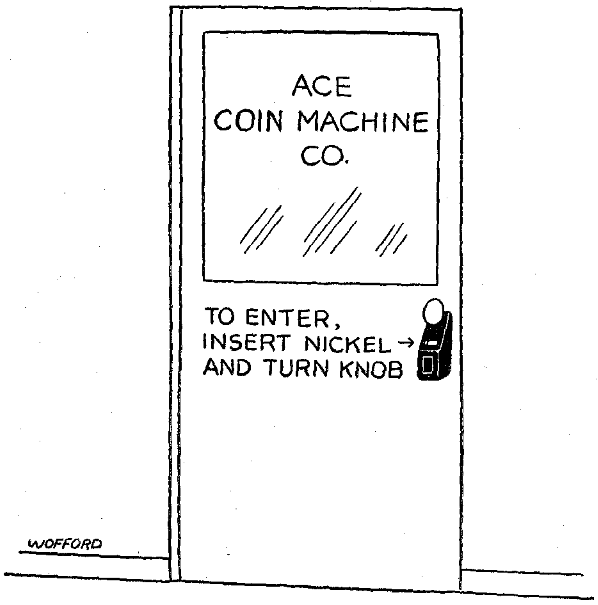
"A little," came back the answer from a signal lamp on the submarine's conning tower.

"Stop engines," ordered the Otter. "Put all your crew belowdecks. I will send a boarding party."

The submarine's exhausts stopped bubbling smoke as her engines died. Her conning tower was cleared of men, except for two motionless figures.

THE boarding party consisted of three officers and twenty enlisted men from the Otter and Varian, who were specially trained for the job ahead of them. They were all aboard the Otter and were commanded by Lieutenant Artie F. White, the Otter's engineer officer. White went into the Navy sixteen years ago as an enlisted man. He is of medium build, wears spectacles, and talks with a hoarse, rasping voice that is a little like the remote wheeze of a collier's foghorn. The members of the boarding party, wearing heavy, foul-weather clothing and galoshes, and all suitably armed, lined up at the Otter's rail. A motor whaleboat with a four-man crew was hoisted over the side. Supplies consisting of coffee, sugar, condensed milk, bread, a case of Campbell's tomato soup, and a carton of mess gear were lowered into the whaleboat, together with blankets, a walkie-talkie radio, and a box containing a big length of heavy chain, some lighter lengths, and a number of padlocks. Then White and ten other members of the boarding party climbed down a Jacob's ladder into the whaleboat. The rest of the party remained on the Otter and waited for the whaleboat to make a second trip, about a half hour later. Before leaving the ship, White turned over his gold watch, signet ring, and wallet to a fellow-officer to be sent home to his wife in case anything went wrong. Some of the others in the group took similar precautions, and all of them left behind a letter to be mailed home in the event of their death.

Once the whaleboat was trimmed, the coxswain shoved off and headed for the submarine, on which the guns of the two surface craft were kept trained. Every man in the whaleboat was carrying an automatic pistol or a Thompson submachine gun, and two gunner's mates in the group were also armed with hand grenades. The men went aboard on the lee side of the submarine, a fairly perilous operation in view of the high seas which belted the whaleboat about while its crew tried to hold it close to the sub with boat hooks so that the passengers could jump. Lieutenant White



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was the first man on the submarine, making an inelegant but successful leap as the whaleboat rode the crest of a wave. He was followed by the two gunner's mates, who landed on the hull of the sub in a trot, holding their grenades in their hands. The rest of the men got aboard the U-805 one after another as best they could, some standing by for a bit to lend a hand with the supplies. Then the whaleboat started back for its second load.

White ran down the submarine's main deck to the base of the conning tower, climbed the iron rungs of the ladder leading to its top, jumped the rim of the upper platform, and plumped onto the tower's deck. There he returned the salutes of the two Nazis, who were awaiting him rather nervously. One of them, a short and stocky man with a pale, round face, was the sub's captain, Commander Richard Bernadelli. The other, who was short but slender and had sunken cheeks and a sharp countenance, was the executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Herman Seidel. Both Germans were wearing black dress uniforms with visored caps that had gold braid on the brims. Seidel spoke fluent English, the captain none. White said, "You and your officers and men are prisoners of war. I am assuming command." "Very well," replied Seidel in a low tone. Then he translated for the captain.

Carrying out carefully rehearsed assignments, the two gunner's mates had arrived in the conning tower right behind White, closely followed by a fireman first class, who spoke German. The three enlisted men now ducked down one of the two conning-tower hatches leading to the submarine's interior—a dank, electrically-lit region split up into compartments by bulkheads glistening with moisture. There were a half dozen of these compartments—the forward torpedo room, the control room, the room leading up to the conning tower, the wardroom, the engine room, and the after torpedo room, the two biggest being the forward and after torpedo rooms, where the crew had living quarters and where they were now standing beside their bunks.

A gunner's mate stationed himself in each of the torpedo rooms and stood there, grenade in hand, while the German-speaking fireman moved about among the Germans, warning them to behave themselves. Almost all the prisoners—young, blond, big-boned fellows with thick wrists—seemed to be in good physical shape. Almost all of them wore their hair as long as Johnny Weissmuller's. One sailor had a completely hairless skull, the result of a skin ailment. The officers within the sub, like the two on the conning tower, were in black dress uniforms, but the men wore the Nazi submariners' equivalent of our dungarees—gray, leather-and-horsehair two-piece suits—and high black leather boots.

Tagging the advance guard down the conning-tower hatch came J. P. McAndrews of New York City, a husky fireman second class, who brought with him four short lengths of chain and four padlocks. He paid no attention to the three Americans and their prisoners but started at once to chain and lock up the control gear for the two forward master sea valves so that they could not be opened to scuttle the submarine. He did the same with the two after valves and then wormed his way down to the cramped space between the hull and the interior deck where the fuel and ballast tanks are. He found these in good order. Elsewhere on the submarine, other members of the boarding party were carrying out their prearranged tasks. Henry Kiem, a twenty-year-old signalman from Hoboken, New Jersey, went aft on the main deck where the sub's 37-mm. gun was mounted, and lowered the small black flag of surrender, hoisting the Stars and Stripes in its place. (Belowdecks, Walther Muller, the U-boat's radio technician, turned to his fellow-radioman, Franz Feichtinger, and asked, "What are they doing topside?" "Probably they are taking down the swastika," Feichtinger replied. "Thank God!" Muller said.) The sub mounted a 37-mm. rifle, and Kiem, with a couple of men helping him, dismantled it and threw the breechblock over the side. It was the largest weapon aboard. The sub had originally mounted a four-inch deck gun, but before leaving Trondheim three months earlier, the captain had ordered it removed, thinking it unlikely that conditions in the North Atlantic in 1945 would permit any of the surface shelling for which such a piece is intended. The rest of the submarine's armament topside consisted of four 20-mm. guns mounted in pairs on the conning tower. These were dismantled and the breechblocks were thrown overboard. The American communications officer, a stocky young ensign from Minnesota, set up his walkie-talkie on the conning tower and got in touch with the Otter to report that all had gone well so far. At the same time a chief motor machinist was winding heavy chain through both of the con-

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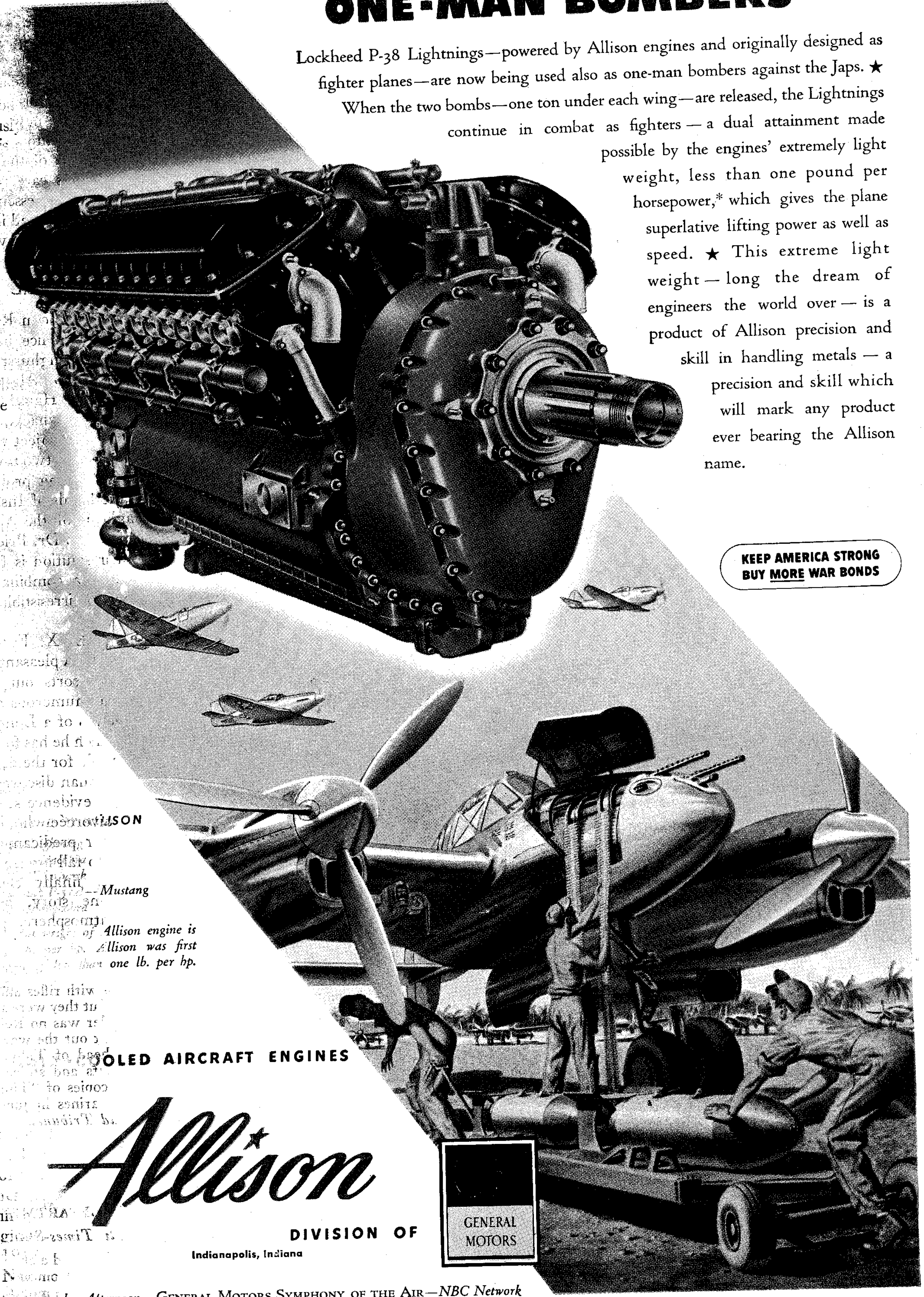

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